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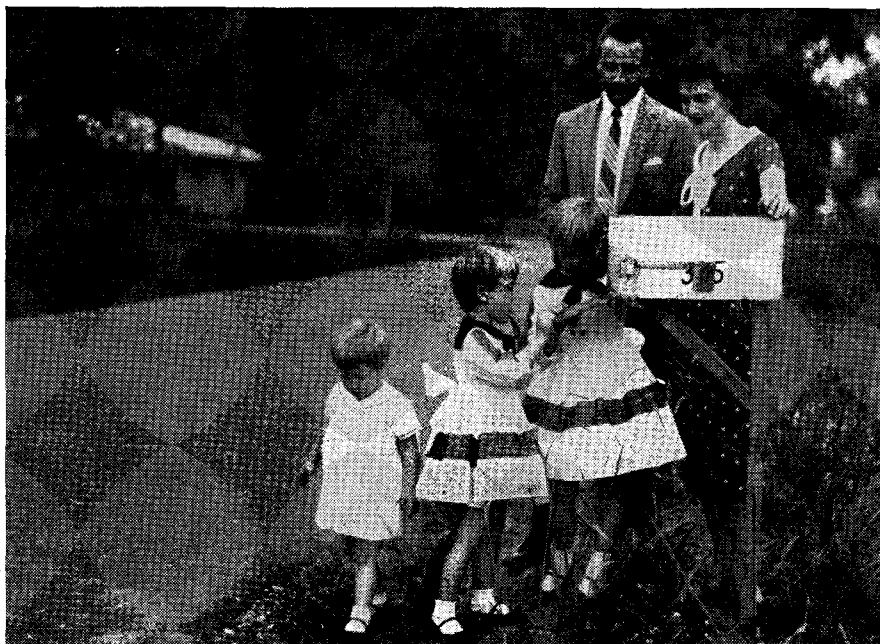
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, February, 1959, Vol. 203, No. 2. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. Published at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. 60 cents a copy, \$7.50 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright © 1959, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Send Form 3579 to 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.



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# *The Atlantic Report* *on the World Today*

## THE MIDDLE EAST

**A** LEAPFROG operation has put Russians into the Persian Gulf, the historic center of Soviet aspirations. The arrival of Soviet arms in Basra in December, followed by the inevitable training mission in Baghdad, has political rather than military implications. Playing on the neutralist line, the U.S.S.R. has found it a simple matter to follow up its new trading arrangements with sales of matériel. Meanwhile the return to Iraq of long-banished agents like the Kurdish general, Mulla Mustafa Barzani, ensures more active trouble among Iraq's Kurds.

About one million Kurds populate the Iraqi section of Kurdistan, the Ottoman area now split four ways between Syria, Turkey, Iran, and Iraq. Their territory adjoins the Kirkuk oil center, and for this reason they have particular importance in Iraq. A considerable share of Development Board funds has been channeled during the last six years to this region for roads and health and welfare services. Thirty years ago, the Kurds' importance was acknowledged when the League of Nations, in awarding Mosul province to Iraq, stipulated that the Kurds should be given administrative control in their own region, that Kurdish schools should be maintained, and that Kurdish should remain their official language.

This recognition and relative prosperity have given the Iraqi Kurds more of a stake in the country than has been attained by their cousins in surrounding Muslim countries. Nevertheless there has always been a tendency on the part of young Kurds to question the allegiance to Baghdad of some of their powerful tribal leaders. Among these restless elements Soviet propaganda for an independent Kurdistan has had the greatest effect.

Premier Kassem has anticipated fresh Kurdish restiveness and gone to considerable lengths to

counteract it. The revolutionary government's provisional constitution reaffirms that Arabs and Kurds are partners. The Arab sword and the Kurdish dagger are combined in the new symbol of the Iraqi republic. Kurdish opposition to Pan-Arabism is obviously one of the reasons for Kassem's great caution with regard to closer ties to the United Arab Republic.

### **The Russian strategy**

The Russian game at the moment is not so much to stir up a real separatist movement in Kurdistan as to work through potential dissidents and other malcontents within the revolutionary government. One evidence of initial success in this tactic is the extent to which Baghdad's radio and press now parrot Moscow propaganda.

Premier Kassem's attempt to preserve the national character of the revolution and his resistance to Ba'ath Socialist pressures for immediate union with the UAR make great sense in Baghdad, where real neutrality and a social revolution on the Kemalist pattern are his primary goals. This independent stand, however, is being subtly misinterpreted by Pan-Arab enthusiasts with a measure of success which threatens to undermine Kassem. Having attracted Russian support on the grounds that Iraq will be easier to subvert in isolation, he is being pictured by the Ba'athists as a tool of Moscow, endangering the Arab movement.

Moreover, communications and relations with the United States are now so bad in Cairo that even American support of Kassem's independent revolution is being painted as helpful to Communism for the sake of disrupting Arab unity.

In spite of the bizarre cacophony which fills Middle Eastern air waves, there are signs of healthier activity on the economic front. Domestic



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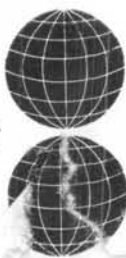
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## The Middle East



problems have begun to do AR scene following last summer's re sms, and it is possible to report a tion by Arab leaders to organiz ely their own welfare and econom

Chambers of Commerce from thirteen Arab countries met in Cairo in December to discuss ways of competing with the European Common Market. Ideas of economic union dormant since 1951 were revived with more than usual urgency by these business leaders. Immediately following these meetings, the Asian-African economic conference brought in addition unofficial delegates from thirty-eight countries for sessions on common problems.

Resisting attempts of Soviet delegates to turn this gathering into a propaganda forum, the Egyptian government financed it and kept it on the assigned subjects. These, staggeringly difficult in themselves, dealt with elimination of "harmful" competition within the Afro-Asian world, effects of the European Common Market on Asia, easing of transfer payments, and other technical issues. Egypt's insistence on being the host paid the expected good political dividends. The intention was to focus on Cairo as a successor to Bandung.

At the first Arab Oil Conference, scheduled for Cairo in April, technical exhibits and papers will deal with the problems of the producing countries. At the same time, a greater participation in the transportation and marketing aspects of petroleum is sure to be stressed. Among the outsiders invited are Venezuela and Iran.

### Industrial development and the Nile

Meanwhile, the Arab League Economic Committee is driving once more for establishment of the long-contemplated regional Development Bank. Its proposed charter provides for subscriptions from member states in proportion to their present shares in the league budget. Its aims are to finance or guarantee the financing of development works and to encourage participation of private capital as well as investment by nonmember states, such as the Arab sheikdoms. Initial capitalization would be \$56 million, and operations would be patterned after those of the International Bank, but with control in Arab hands.

The refusal of Lebanon and Iraq to join in the common-sense proposal two years ago, which Egypt began actively to promote it, prevented earlier action. Its revival now seems possible as by-product of the changes of government in those countries.

Egypt's determination with Nile development is still politics. The Asian loan offer nevertheless focuses attention on its great economic problem. Enough Egyptian prestige is now committed to the project to ensure a solution once agreed with the Sudan on division of the Nile waters.

The difficulty here is that since achieving its independence, the Sudan has permitted its own claims to Nile water to become an issue in domestic politics. The recent military coup was designed to forestall a sellout to Egypt on this issue in the name of Arab nationalism by opposition Sudanese politicians. The coup appears to ensure an equal bargaining position for the Sudan, as the discussions are resumed on how to divide the waters which can be saved by both sides if their separate plans for dam building are reconciled.

In Cairo it is emphasized that Egypt's industrial development depends on completing the coffer dams and diversion tunnels of the proposed High Dam by mid-1960. Some \$50 million a year of Suez Canal revenues are to go to the project, and further participation by German, Italian, and Japanese interests is hoped for. In the present state of relations with Britain and America, help is not expected from those sources. But Egypt aims to keep the project international in character.

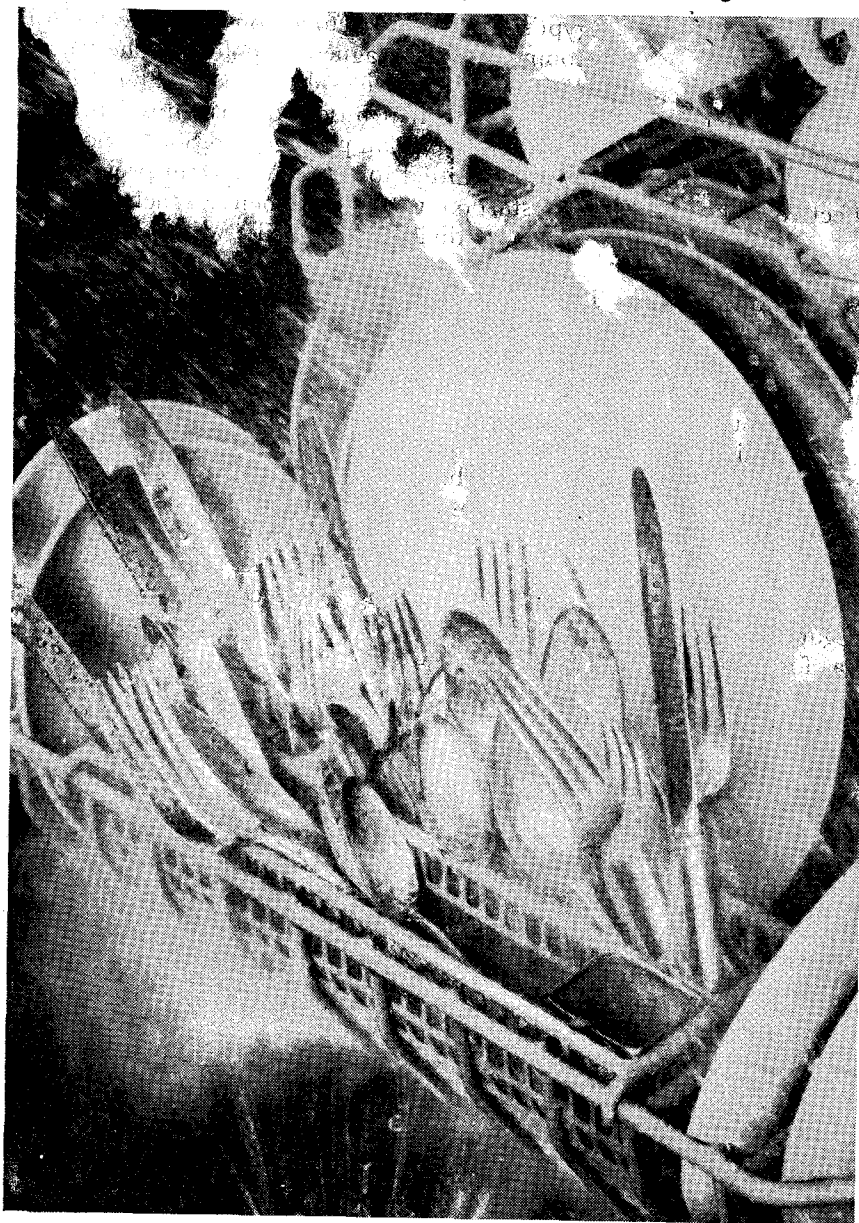
### Egypt calls the tune

The second great domestic preoccupation in Cairo is with making the machinery of the UAR government work. Since the formation of the republic just a year ago, President Nasser has insisted literally on his conditions for unification: suspension of political parties and economic unification. A central administration has been established in the former Heliopolis Hotel, purchased for the purpose. Party activity has been suppressed, to the great distress of the Ba'ath Socialists. Redistribution of estates in Syria has been decreed on the Egyptian pattern. Syria's merchants are being organized on unfamiliar lines, exports and imports controlled from Cairo. Martial law has been decreed along with land redistribution, indicating considerable unrest in rural areas. Reluctant Ba'ath officers have been posted to remote stations.

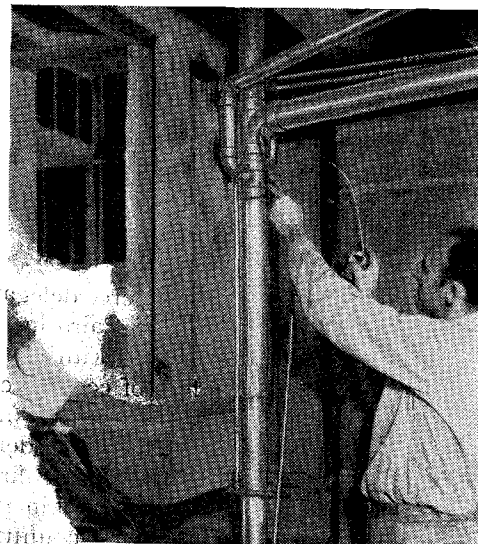
It seems to many Syrians a heavy price to pay for being rescued from Communism. One great



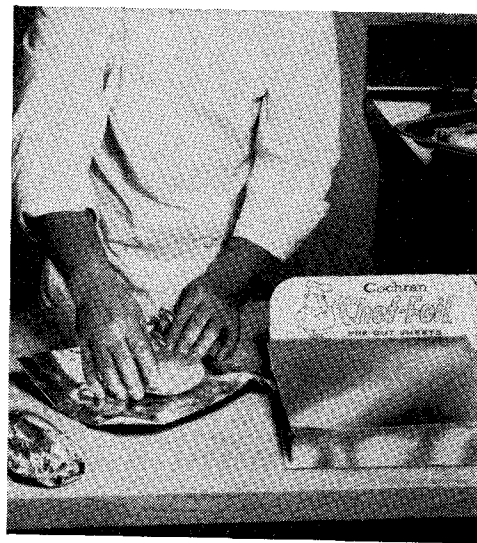
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## The Middle East



difficulty is that Syria has been a going concern economically, with a higher living standard than is possible in Egypt. It has ten times more arable land per capita than Egypt, and the two economies have been competitive. Syrian businessmen resent interference in their free economy, isolation from the European business contacts, and centralization of the new planned economy in Cairo. A drought has added to their worries, as has the Lebanese war, which seriously cut their trade. For the first time in recent years there has been a Syrian budget deficit. This has, of course, compounded the difficulties of establishing an integrated economy with Egypt.

The stresses within the UAR and President Nasser's innate caution in Arab affairs appear to be guiding his present policy in relation to both Iraq and Jordan. Looking at Jordan, he can see only economic liabilities, plus embroilment with Israel, if the Hussein government is overthrown by outside forces. Moreover, there are signs that Hussein himself may be willing to broaden his support by permitting some measure of return to constitutional processes. The ending of martial law and freeing of some political prisoners in December indicated a change in tactics. His own position was successfully if artificially enhanced by the dramatic plane incident in which he was allegedly attacked by Syrian MIGs en route to Europe last fall.

Whoever contrived Hussein's "escape" did him a great service. He appears again as a hero; and the scapegoat of the local Ba'athists is now his first minister, Samir Rifai. Even Jordan's dependence on Western bounty is no longer considered so invidious. Realists in Cairo recognize that without it Jordan would collapse.

The collapse of Jordan would increase the chances of war. All sides prefer a stalemate. In Israel, approaching an election year, Right-wing activists are campaigning for a march to the Jordan. But responsi-

ble elements see the perils in any such course and propose instead a demilitarization of the west bank and UN occupation. The Arab reply is that other demilitarized zones, notably in the Huleh area, on the Syrian border, and El Auja, have lost their neutral character as UN forces have yielded to Israeli pressures. They note, too, that Israel has yet to admit UNEF patrols to the Israeli side of the border with Gaza.

### The impoverished refugees

On the refugee issue, the Israeli government has made a new gesture in offering compensation to Arab refugees willing to resettle outside of Israel. This is the first such offer made without the prior condition that general peace be established. It has taken much diplomatic pressure and heart searching in Tel Aviv to extract even this offer, regarded as a real concession in Israel. Yet the offer lacks the one component that might make it negotiable. That is the option in principle of return to Palestine. This is the one key to the political deadlock which Israel cannot bring itself to concede.

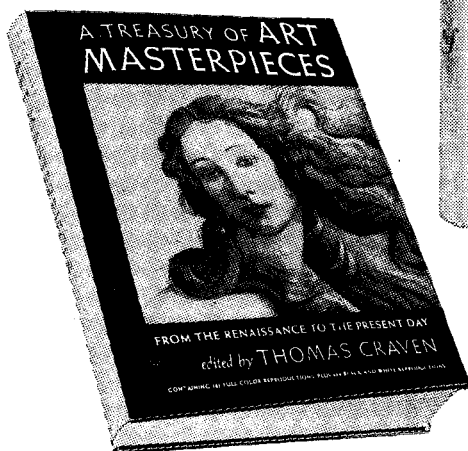
UN maneuvering on the refugee question still revolves about this issue of choice between return and compensation. With the charter of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) due to expire in June, 1960, the last General Assembly was obliged to consider substitute remedies. The United States, which continues to pay 70 per cent of the UNRWA budget, asked a new appraisal of the whole refugee situation.

The U.S. proposal threatens to resurrect many disturbing facts long since buried in UN files. Of these the chief fact is that it is the refugees themselves who are most determined about going home even after ten years in camps. Beyond this is the undoubted fact that no Arab government will waive the minimum concession to the justice of their position — namely, the right of choice of return. The U.S. proposal could lead to the shattering of many convenient myths about the refugees, and it cannot fail to re-emphasize the bitter truth reported by every disinterested observer, that the problem of the refugees is still not money but politics.



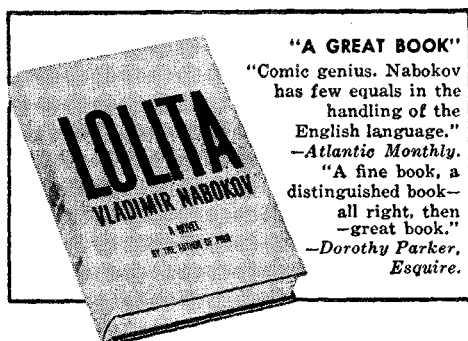
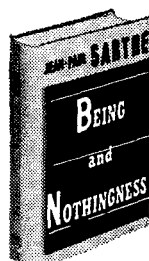
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# *The Atlantic Report* PAKISTAN



**S**INCE the night of October 7, Pakistan has been ruled by what is called a martial law administration, headed by President Mohammad Ayub Khan, the Sandhurst-trained, bristly mustached former commander in chief of the Army. The constitution has been abrogated, legislative assemblies have been dissolved, political parties banned, strikes outlawed, and criticism either by the public or by newspapers has been forbidden under threat of heavy fine or jail sentence.

By definition, the form of government is military dictatorship, but there are no massive military parades or carefully staged spontaneous demonstrations in the streets. Traveling in the country and talking to government officials, newspaper editors, students, and shopkeepers, an observer realizes that dictatorship is too harsh a word. Except for known Communists and a few politicians whose previous hobnobbing with the Communists made them suspect, no one has been sent to jail without a fair trial.

Certainly there is a sterile sameness about the press; the news columns are full of the doings and decrees of the martial law administration while the editorial columns reflect either praise or neutrality. But the editors themselves, in personal conversation, seem to speak freely enough, and like most Pakistanis they feel that General Ayub's government is doing well.

General Ayub has appointed only three generals to his eleven-man cabinet. Even Indian newspapers, which are always quick to see the worst of what happens in Pakistan, admit that the civilians in the cabinet represent a selection of some of the most talented nonpolitical administrators available. About a dozen other generals supervise the work of the provincial governments, but for all practical purposes the government of Pakistan remains in civilian hands.

## **Exit the politicians**

What is missing is the politicians. They have been banished from public life, and their very name is anathema. Even politics in the abstract

has disappeared. People no longer seem interested in debating socialism versus free enterprise or Left versus Right. It is as if these controversies, like the forms of parliamentary democracy, were merely something that was inherited willy-nilly from the West and can now be dispensed with.

Pakistan had little training for parliamentary democracy. Unlike India, where the Congress Party had a tradition dating back to the end of the last century, Pakistan had the Muslim League, which did not even attempt to build up a mass following until 1937. India also had Gandhi and Nehru and thousands of lesser leaders who spent a lifetime in political activity. Pakistan had only Mohammad Ali Jinnah, whose fanatic determination was largely responsible for the creation of the nation. When Jinnah died in 1948, the Muslim League lost what little contact it had with the people, and at least fifteen other parties sprang up to contest the spoils.

The wild scenes leading to the killing of the speaker of the East Pakistan assembly were only the most flagrant of many excesses. Politicians called one another "mad dog," "scoundrel," and "traitor," and tried to gather popular support by appealing to the most extreme regional or linguistic sentiments. In a nation such as Pakistan, where the halves of the country are like two separate nations divided by 1100 miles of Indian territory, each having a different culture and outlook on life, and where West Pakistan is further divided into six language groups, any appeal to extremist sentiments was at the cost of national unity.

For example, a network of canals was dug in the Sind region of West Pakistan to irrigate more than a million acres of desert. Yet for years the land has remained unsettled because, although Sind itself is short of population, the Sindhi politicians claimed that the peasants of Sind would oppose the immigration of landless farmers from the adjacent Punjab region. President Ayub has now ruled that all undistributed irrigated land must be settled within three months. A newspaper reporter

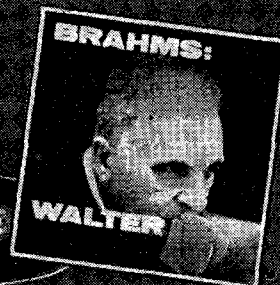
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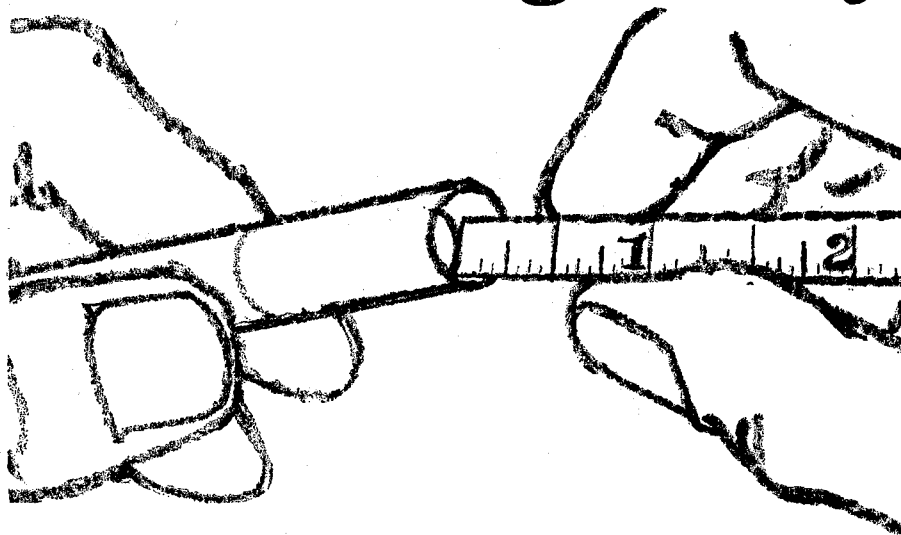
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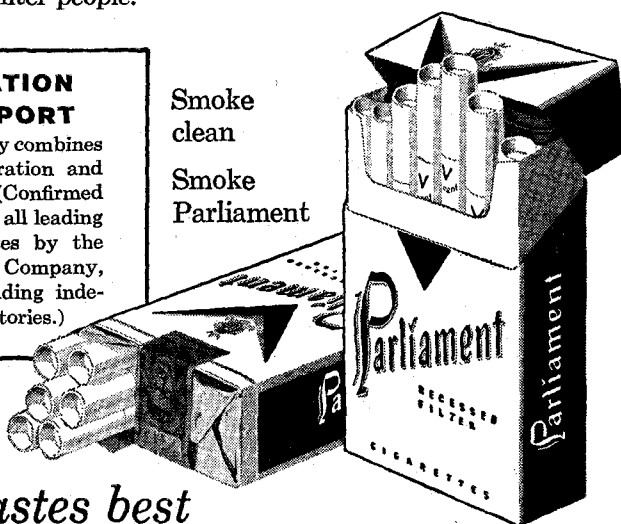
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## Report on Pakistan



in Hyderabad, the chief city of Sind, was asked whether the order would lead to conflict. He replied, "Why should it? We are all Pakistanis, and there is plenty of land here. The more farmers we have, the more food we will have, and we will all be richer." When he was asked why the settlement did not take place earlier, he said, "Oh, the politicians didn't want it to happen. They were afraid the Punjabis would vote for somebody else."

Actually, no one got much of a chance to vote for anybody. National elections were constantly promised but never held, although there was a succession of eight prime ministers. Coalitions changed so often that out of eighty members in the Assembly, fifty-two had been ministers or deputy ministers in the central or provincial governments.

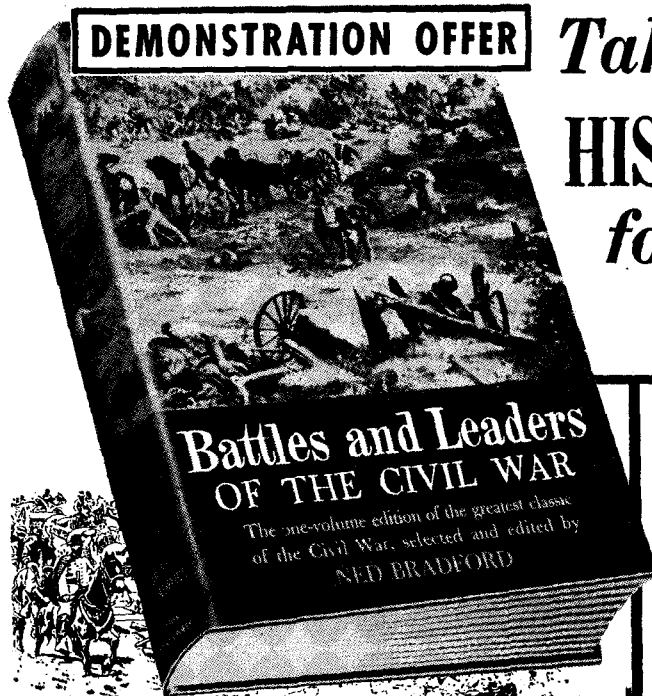
A ministership was the key to riches. A minister could get jobs for his relatives and import licenses for himself and his friends. A woman deputy minister of the West Pakistan Assembly who is now facing corruption charges is revealed to have received a series of licenses to import industrial machinery, although she never owned a factory. The routine was to sell the licenses to someone else who, in turn, might sell the imported goods to a legitimate factory owner or trader, by which time the price would be inflated 200 or 300 per cent.

The newspapers were full of reports of interparty intrigues and the imminent overthrow of some ministry, but the feudal landlords remained entrenched, politicians and government officials kept building bigger houses, and food prices kept going up. The Karachi cost-of-living index rose 22 per cent over a period of three years.

In the past year or so, even law and order began to disappear. A village clerk near Hyderabad says: "The peasants welcome the change in government because they have peace. We were all afraid to move

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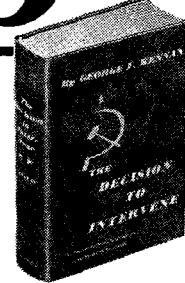
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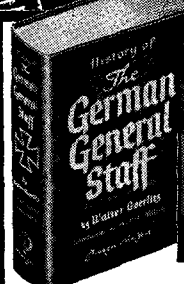
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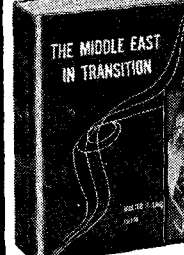
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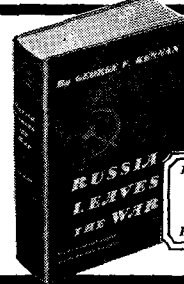
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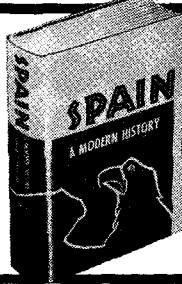
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## Report on Pakistan



about at night. We stayed in our houses, but even then we trembled. The police knew who the *goondas* [hoodlums] were, but what good did it do to arrest them? Some politician would telephone the inspector that the man was a good party worker and must be released."

### A fair deal for the underdog

Perhaps the best description of the aims of the new government has come from East Pakistan's Governor Zakir Husain, who is a civilian. He has said, "It shall be our constant endeavor to make this country safe for the common man — the underdog — who has not had a fair deal in the past."

Already the underdog in Pakistan is grateful. In a poor country like Pakistan, where the per capita annual income is only about fifty dollars, the success of any government is judged by the price of wheat and rice, which form the bulk of the diet of an overwhelming majority of the people. In Multan, which is the center of a well-irrigated region of West Pakistan, the retail price of wheat has dropped from four cents a pound to three cents, while the price of best quality rice has dropped from ten cents a pound to five cents.

Military courts were set up to punish smugglers, hoarders, black marketeers, profiteers, and a host of petty offenders, such as jaywalkers and milkmen who added water to their milk. Petty cases got summary judgment, but for the more serious crimes the accused were allowed the normal guarantees of a defense lawyer and cross-examination of witnesses. The only difference between the military courts and the normal courts was that the judges were no longer susceptible to political pressure or open to bribery, and the defense was no longer permitted a constant recourse to adjournments and similar legal tricks.

The martial law regulations allowed the death penalty for a number of crimes, but in all cases the military courts limited punishment to jail

sentences ranging up to fourteen years and fines which in one case amounted to \$42,000. Most of the military courts have now been disbanded, although some are still dealing with smuggling cases.

General Ayub has promised that there will be no witch hunts. So far, only one leading politician — former Defense Minister M. A. Khuhro — and a few minor ones have been arrested on corruption charges. About a dozen others have been detained as politically dangerous. The rest are free to do as they please as long as they remain politically dormant.

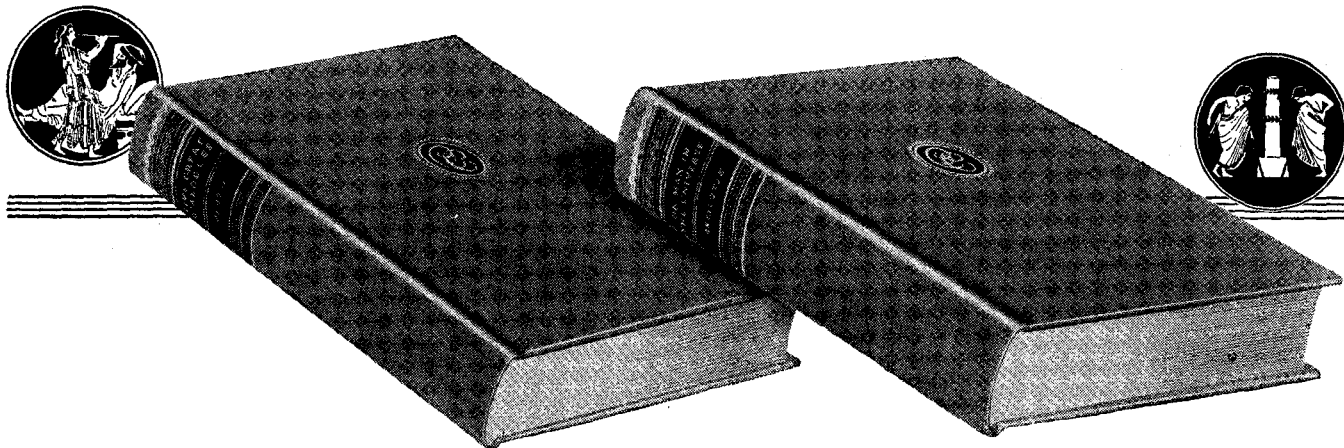
Except for a judge of the High Court who has been suspended pending investigation of unspecified charges against him, no important civil service official has been arrested, although there is a feeling among the public that some of the top civil servants were as corrupt as some of the politicians. Twenty screening committees have been set up with orders to "identify cases of glaring inefficiency or corruption with a view to awarding deterrent punishment."

### Growing more food

There can be little stability, either political or economic, until food production is increased. West Pakistan is about the size of Texas and Oklahoma, but vast stretches are desert. Only about 30 million acres are under cultivation, and this must support a population currently estimated at 39 million. East Pakistan is about the size of Louisiana, with a population of about 47 million or more than a quarter of the entire population of the United States. Much of East Pakistan is rivers and marshes, so that only about 25 million acres are cultivable — about half an acre per person.

While the population is increasing by about 1.2 million persons a year, food production over the past ten years has remained static at about 13 million tons of wheat and rice a year. Some new areas of West Pakistan have been opened to irrigation, but at the same time vast stretches are being lost because of salinity and waterlogging. In West Pakistan 2.3 million acres have actually gone out of cultivation, while another 70,000 to 80,000 are being lost every year. Pakistan, in the

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## Report on Pakistan



year ending June, 1956, received 800,000 tons of wheat and rice as part of American aid, but it still had to spend its own scarce foreign exchange to import an additional 465,000 tons.

The industrial index has almost quadrupled since 1950. As evidence of this, you can see two huge industrial areas near Karachi. However, Pakistan has no important natural resources to feed its factories, and now that much of the foreign exchange earned by the export of jute, tea, and cotton is being spent to import food, the factories in the Karachi area are running at about 35 per cent capacity because they cannot import raw materials and spare parts.

President Ayub's directive that undistributed irrigated land in West Pakistan be settled within three months is evidence of a change of emphasis from industrial to agricultural production. Ayub has also ordered that all cultivable fallow land in East Pakistan must be brought under the plow within a similar period. But it will be years, even with the greatest will, before any startling increase in food production can be expected. There must be long and patient efforts to eliminate crop pests, which according to modest estimates destroy \$400 million worth of crops every year, and to teach the illiterate and conservative farmers to use better seeds and farming methods.

### Land reform

General Ayub must also get rid of absentee landlords, whose holdings are so large that they do not worry about low yields; their income is already enormous. In the former princely state of Bahawalpur in West Pakistan, 214 persons own one fourth of the agricultural land. In the former Frontier province, 677 persons own a million acres while there are 175,000 landless tenants. In Sind, one per cent of the landowners have 30 per cent of the available agricultural land, and there are 800,000 landless tenants.

It is believed that a land reform commission appointed by the new regime will recommend ceilings of about 500 acres, which is still a large holding by Asian standards. But even this would make about 10 per cent of the cultivable land available for distribution and would present enough administration problems to tax the government's abilities to the utmost. It would, at the same time, destroy the source of strength for the feudal landlords, who have always dominated economic and political life in West Pakistan.

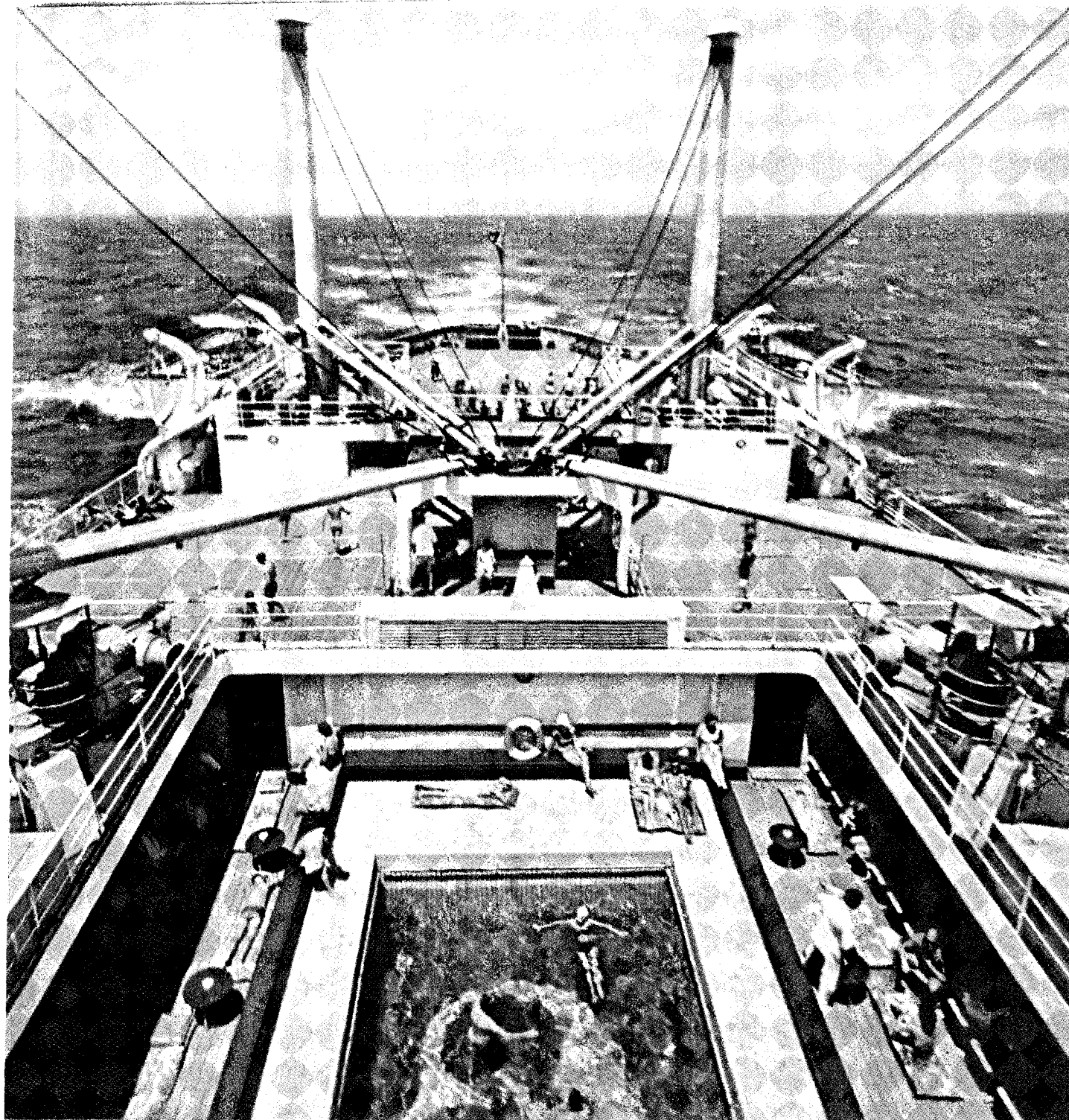
Another major problem is settlement of refugees. For the past eleven years a half million displaced persons from India have eked out a miserable existence in Karachi, living in mud and straw huts without sanitary facilities, drinking water, or electricity. Lieutenant General Mohammad Azam Khan, who has been appointed rehabilitation minister, has drawn up a \$25 million program to provide housing for these refugees.

An equally energetic officer, Lieutenant General W. A. Burki, has been named health minister. Soon after taking over, he ordered that no person in need of treatment may henceforth be turned away from a hospital. Within twenty-four hours after the order was issued, 250 beds were set up in the corridors and verandas of Karachi's large Civil Hospital.

The question of re-establishing some new democratic framework has been pushed far into the background. President Ayub says problems like "the resettlement of refugees, land reform and modification of the educational and legal systems" must be solved first, and only then will he "consult the best brains and ascertain the feelings of the people in order to draw up a constitution best suited to the needs of our country."

Many of the newly independent countries in Asia and Africa have tried to copy the British parliamentary system. The experiment has failed in the Sudan, Pakistan, and Burma, while the system is under great strain in India and Ceylon. The Pakistan experiment will be watched in Asia and Africa with keen interest.





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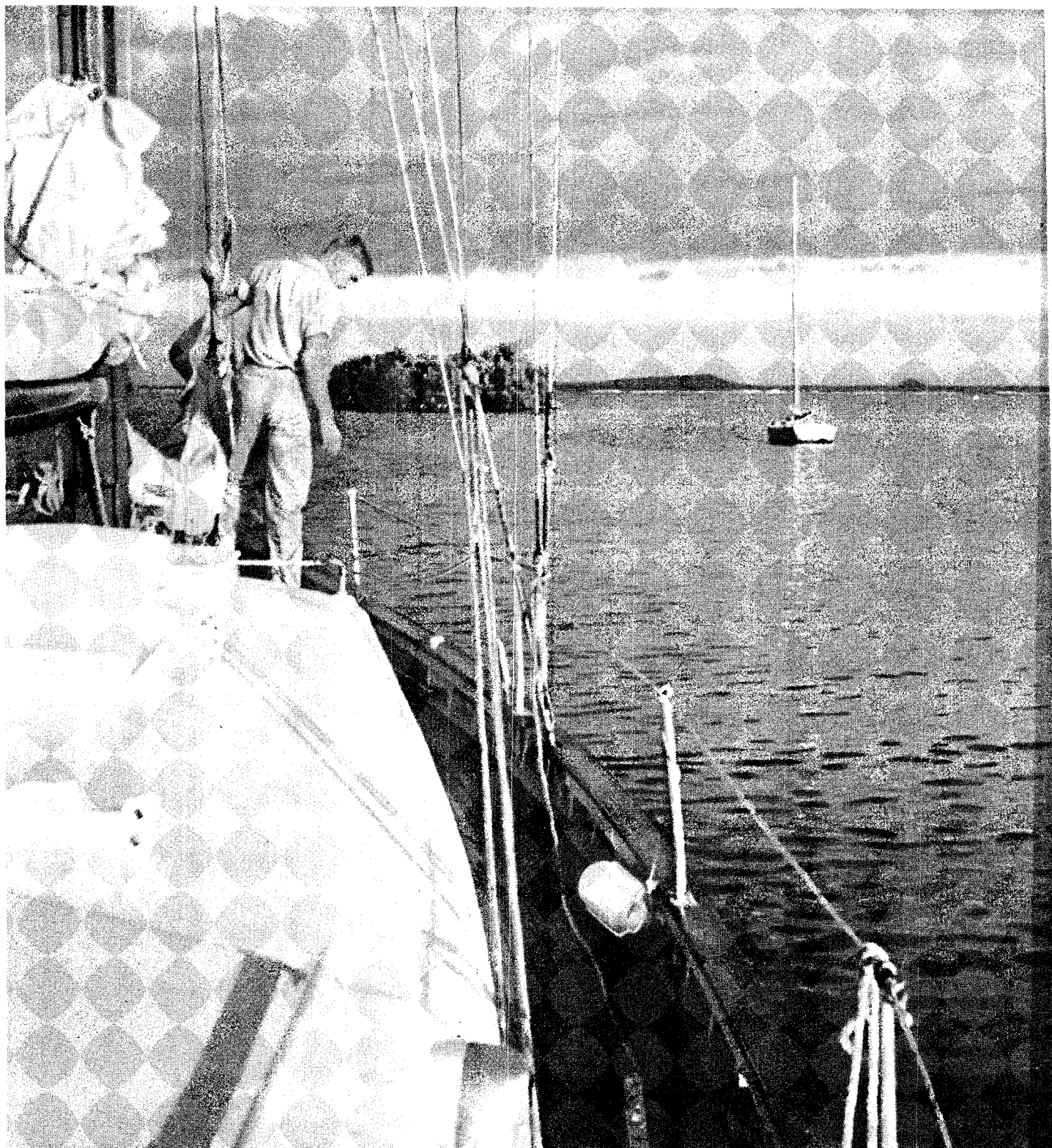
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**I**N FORMER days when European countries and their industries and financial institutions provided the economic pulse of the civilized world, there was a consequent demand for one or two sanctuaries for private capital outside the direct control, and even influence, of the leading competing powers. These sanctuaries, in addition to giving relief from governmental pressures and investigations, offered the additional inducement of low, if not negligible, taxation on the investments or deposits entrusted to their safekeeping. Such a gap used to be traditionally filled by Switzerland and one or two other of the smaller states and principalities of Europe.

It was to be expected that as the fulcrum of economic and political power in the Western world shifted across the Atlantic, similar secure private havens for overtaxed, government-harried persons and businesses would offer themselves in the New World.

The need is being met by Bermuda and Bahamas, sometimes in consequence caustically referred to as the only pluto-democracies within the British Commonwealth. To many this specialized capitalist role may come as something of a surprise. For to most people these islands are climatic rather than financial retreats, romantic honeymoon spots rather than investment hideaways.

#### **Haven for tourists**

Every year at least 95,000 tourists visit Bermuda. Apart from a weekly steamer service to and from New York, providing in a two-day run all the pleasures of a short holiday cruise, there are year-round daily air services on a number of lines from New England and Canada. The air journey takes less than three hours from Boston or New York. Hence it is quite feasible to escape from modern civilization for a short weekend of relaxation on a coral island and still be back at the office on Monday morning.

Unhappily, Bermuda is not far enough south to be able to claim truly warm, sunny weather all the year round; indeed, in the winter months tem-

peratures frequently fall as low as fifty degrees, with cloudy skies and gusty winds. Yet for the greater part of the year — the best season is spring — Bermuda comes as reliably near to offering the joys of an “island in the sun” as can reasonably be expected so short a distance from snow and ice and driving sleet.

On the island there are many pleasures to tempt the tourist, apart from earning a sun tan. Enterprising clubs and hotels now provide first-class golfing, deep-sea and inshore fishing trips, sailing and water skiing. Despite all these entertainments, there is a welcome determination on the part of the islanders not to lose the traditional charm of their way of life, best summarized as a refusal to be hurried or worried. Since the last war, the motorcar has taken the place of the horse and gig, which until then, except for bicycles, was the only lawful conveyance. But there are still restrictions in that each island family, however well off or numerous, can have only one motorcar per household. There is a rigidly enforced limitation on the size of cars, a very low speed limit on the roads, and indefinite suspension of the driver's license in the case of repeated violations of the speed limit.

Seven hundred miles farther south, welcoming another 143,000 holiday visitors annually, lie the Bahamas — Nassau and the outlying dependencies — almost perpetually basking under sunny skies. The greater distances and, therefore, expense involved tend to put these islands out of reach for weekenders except, of course, for those living a half hour away by air, in Florida.

Nassau's greater distance from most of the larger North American centers of population means that those who do come are a more sophisticated clientele, including wealthy Europeans as well as North Americans. The dimensions of your motorcar and the number you can own in the Bahamas depend on the size of your pocketbook, and at night a stream of these large cars drive up to a gambling casino, a temptation unknown in Bermuda.





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Reports like this give you some idea of how far your dollar goes in Britain. Here are a few more facts and figures:

1. You can hire a self-drive car for only \$44 a week. About \$14 less in Fall and Spring.
2. Rates at many country hotels

start as low as \$28 *per week*—and that includes your meals.

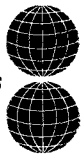
3. Cashmere sweaters cost about \$20—leather gloves around \$3.50. You can bring back \$500 worth of British goods, *duty-free*.

4. For 14¢, you can wander the grounds of Windsor Castle, see the Crown Jewels at the Tower, or visit Hampton Court.

**NOTE:** Over 400 British castles and mansions are now open to visitors. The average admission is 35¢.

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## Bermuda and Bahamas



Many thousands of American servicemen and veterans and their wives and families remember their stay at one or another of the U.S. Air Force or Navy bases in Bahamas and Bermuda as among the more pleasant of their overseas experiences.

### Sanctuary for private capital

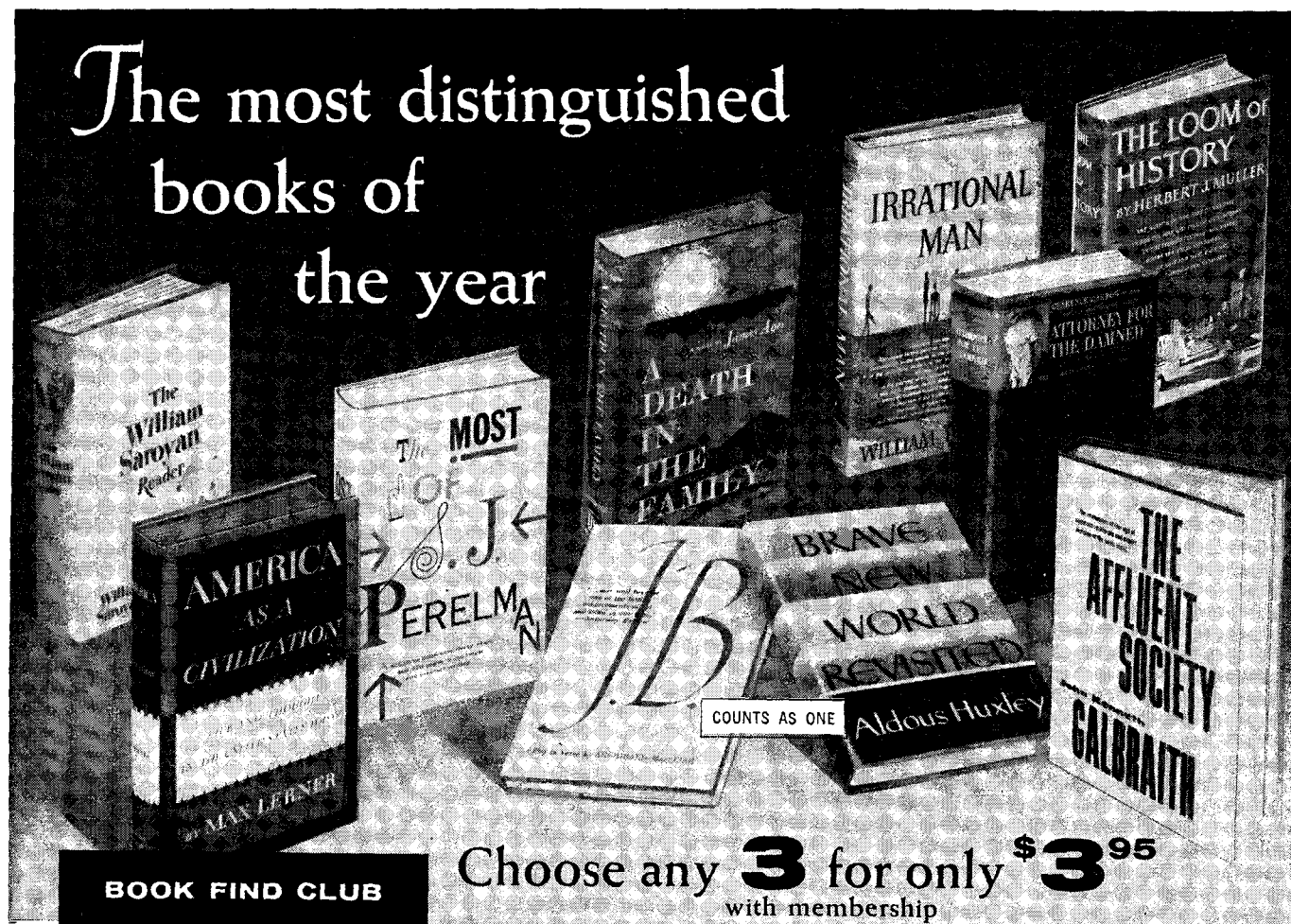
The dollars and pounds that flow in, both directly and indirectly, as the result of the annual tourist traffic and of the base occupations are very welcome. But both dependencies know only too well that the long-term prosperity of these islands must ultimately depend also on their reputation as a sanctuary for private capital. More and more people and companies, not only in North America but also in overtaxed Britain and elsewhere in Europe, regard Bermuda and Bahamas as refuges in which to keep financial nest eggs. What requirements make the islands attractive to investors?

First and foremost direct taxation has to be substantially lower than in neighboring larger countries whose prosperity depends on a wide range of industrial, commercial, or agricultural enterprise. Miniature states such as Bermuda and Bahamas, with necessarily small populations and few natural resources, can never hope to emulate large industrialized countries in any significant degree. At the moment both Bermuda and Bahamas have virtually no direct taxation. There is no income tax, super tax, corporate tax on firms (called "exempt" in Bermuda, "non-resident" in Bahamas) that do not trade locally for profit, capital gains tax, gifts tax, or estate duty except for a trifling percentage under certain limited conditions in the Bahamas.

Because both these island states are proceeding along the same lines of economic development, there is keen rivalry in the provision of baits for overseas customers. Bermuda recently passed a statute guaranteeing "exempt" companies freedom from corporate taxation for thirty years from the date of its enactment. Another rather technical, legal differ-



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## Bermuda and Bahamas



ence, advantageous to Bermuda, at least until the Bahamians catch up, is that a company can redeem its own shares, thus making possible the establishment of open-end investment trusts, which have to pay any particular withdrawal tax only to the country in which the funds themselves are actually invested.

### Grand Bahama's free port

Bahamians, for their part, have countered with a potentially highly attractive proposal—they have granted by irrevocable charter to an American business combination a free port in one of the outlying large islands of the archipelago nearest to the coast of Florida, Grand Bahama. Within this port and a surrounding demarcated area of considerable size, incoming goods and raw materials destined for re-export after processing in local industries to be established within this free port area will pay no local import customs duties or other levies at all.

Nassau, the Bahamian capital on the isle of New Providence, opens its doors freely to the local registration and establishment of foreign banks and other financial institutions. In this way Bahamians feel they will, in the long run, attract a wider range of interests and consequent benefits than exclusiveness can provide. Although not yet direct competitors in the field of banking, famous U.S. financial interests are actively represented through participation in several of the international trust companies operating in Nassau.

### The customer's interests first

As history has shown on more than one occasion, low taxation in itself is not enough, either as bait to the individual immigrant from countries where the fiscal burden is much higher or to ensure the establishment of overseas business interests. Two other considerations must be met. The first of these is the will and the capacity to put the customer's interests above all else in relations with other countries. Switzerland has always, to its great benefit, strictly observed this precept, as was



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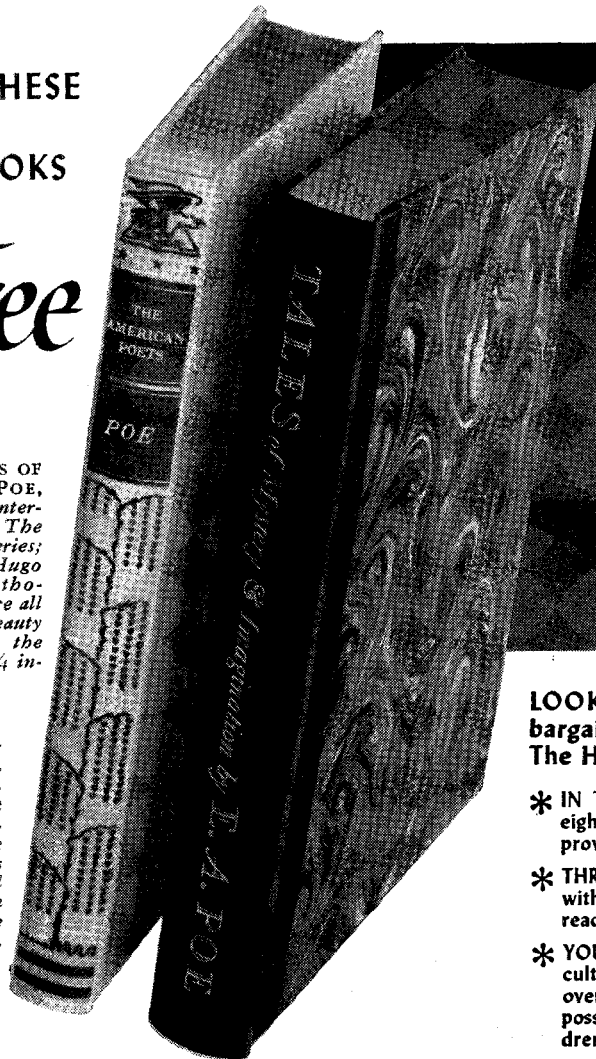
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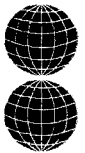
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Bermuda and Bahamas



evidenced at the end of the last war, when despite its open dislike of Nazis and Fascists and all that they stood for, it obstinately refused to bow to Allied pressure and give details of the private monetary holdings of war criminals in Switzerland.

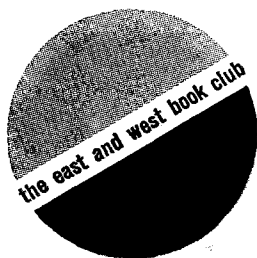
Fortunately Bermuda and Bahamas have never yet had to be put to so stringent a test as this; but even at the height of the war, when Britain was trying to get hold of every dollar it could lay hands on to sustain the war effort, the declaration of private dollar holdings was never enforced in the islands, as it was elsewhere in the Commonwealth.

## Political stability

Last but not least, there is the question of present and future political stability. In the past, many luckless people have gone to live or have invested their savings in lands of sunshine and low taxes, only to find themselves stranded and ruined in later life owing to the appearance of racial discord, Communist revolution, or nationalist xenophobia. Political stability is of vital importance to would-be residents or investors.

Insofar as anything can be secure in so uncertain a world, both Bermuda and Bahamas deserve high marks in this respect. Both enjoy an uninterrupted history of Parliamentary democracy and obedience to the rule of law based on their parent British models. Bermuda, which celebrates its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary this year, has the second oldest legislature in the Commonwealth. As perhaps is inevitable in a mixed interracial society, black and white, sources of friction do exist and show themselves from time to time. Yet in Bermuda especially race relations are generally happy.

For one thing, although the resident Europeans are outnumbered by the colored population, descendants of the slaves, the comparative figures are only 26,000 to 16,000. For another, owing partly to the general level of prosperity and partly to the

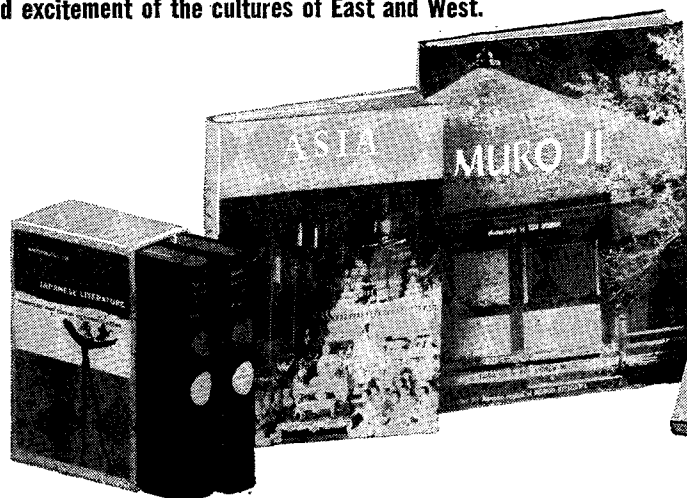


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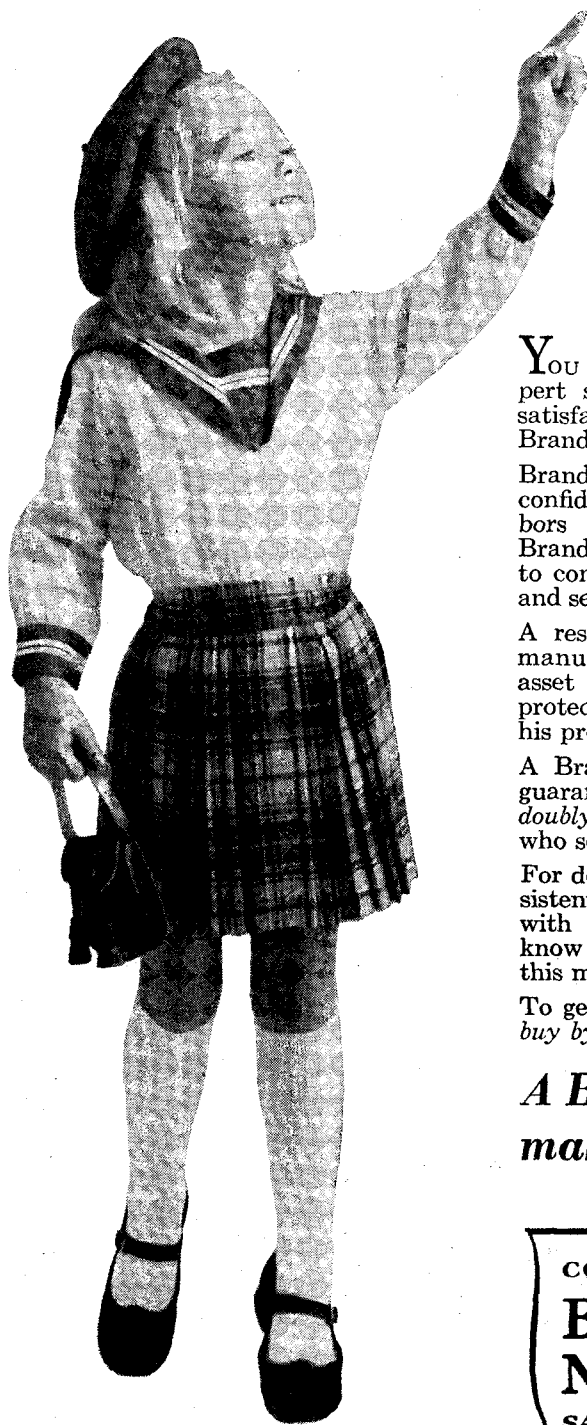
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**Bermuda and Bahamas**



inevitable local repercussions of an American high-wave economy in its huge Naval and Air Force base there, an overall standard of living has been attained for both colored and white which is unmatched in most other parts of the world.

Finally, there is no legal sanction for segregation. The state-run schools are open to all, although the vast majority of European boys and girls do in fact go to private schools. Socially the races undoubtedly still lead largely separate lives, but Bermuda pursues the doctrine that real tension is created only when alleged racial inferiority is asserted through legal restrictions based on race or color alone.

Unfortunately, in the Bahamas race relations have not recently been quite so satisfactory. This was highlighted in January, 1958, when a strike that began as a petty dispute between taxi drivers and hotel managers spread rapidly. The real cause of the trouble was the feeling of a substantial section of the colored people that they were being precluded by white domination from a fair say in the conduct of their homeland's affairs. Measures are now being taken to remove certain quite indefensible plural voting privileges, limited in practice, although not in theory, to the wealthier Europeans.

Given the three requirements of low taxation, trustworthy institutions which guard the privacy of their clients' affairs, and security against sudden political upheaval, what other practical inducements have these islands to offer to enterprising businesses and businessmen?

For U.S. firms with overseas activities earning substantial profits, particularly in underdeveloped countries where taxes are kept low to attract foreign capital, very advantageous arrangements can be made. If the subsidiary companies performing the contracts are owned by a parent company registered in the Bahamas, and not by the principal U.S. associate, individual profits ac-



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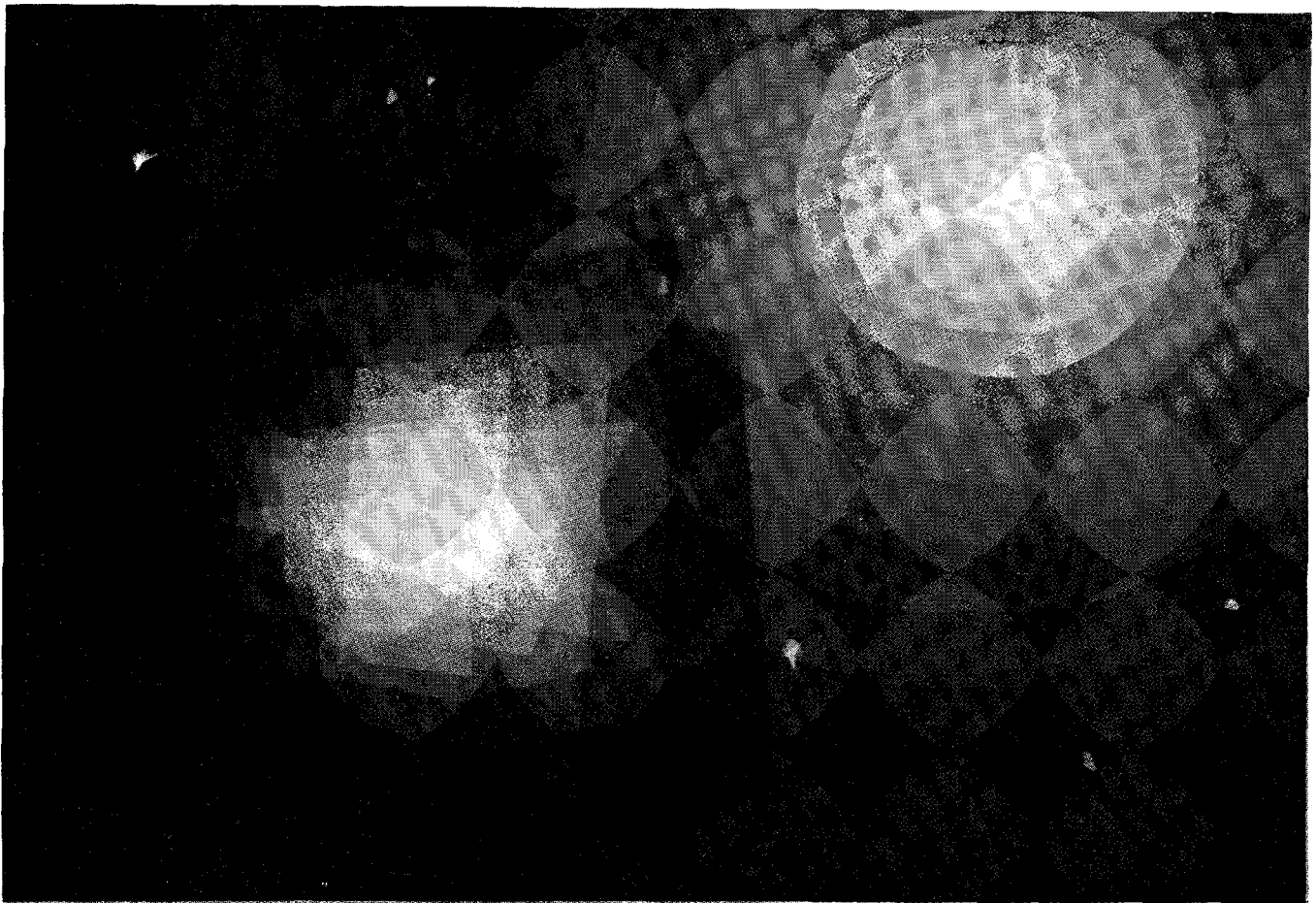
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## Bermuda and Bahamas



accumulated in Nassau are not subject to local tax and form a valuable reserve for new undertakings outside the United States.

Private companies can store pension funds for their executives, at least while they are working outside the United States. Along with these and other specialized services are well-established opportunities for trusts, family settlements, and the like.

### Allegiance to the free world

Communism is virtually nonexistent in these islands, and there are no signs of the national phobias prevalent elsewhere in Central and South America. Allegiance to the British crown is fundamental. Widespread local dismay was expressed when the British, for economy reasons, recently withdrew Naval and military garrisons that had been in Bermuda since the eighteenth century.

Great respect and liking for the United States and the American people exist throughout the islands, extending not only to visiting tourists, which might be attributed to good business sense, but also to the large numbers of base service personnel whose duties and responsibilities make a substantial and not always convenient popular impact, in view of the small size of the territories in which they are stationed. One continuing grudge does, however, exist in Bermuda, which Washington should put right without delay. During the war the U.S. government undertook formally to build a road bridge to replace another public way lost when incorporated within the military base area. On one pretext or another work on the project has been postponed for more than fifteen years.

In general, however, there is no doubt that whatever mistakes may have been made by the United States in its relations elsewhere in this part of the world, Bermuda and Bahamas are shining examples of the results of an effective good-neighbor policy.

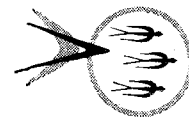
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## LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

### California schools

SIR:

I am a "California child" ("California Schools Do Educate" by Arthur F. Corey, December *Atlantic*) who attended Los Angeles schools, both public and private, until last September, when I enrolled as a freshman at Swarthmore College. The shock was immediate, and it was wonderful.

My academic preparation had included work on the school annual, student service in the school library, traffic laws and safety, courses in poise (which I can assure Mr. Corey were given in our California schools), and a culture course that somehow never went beyond *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*.

In my public school experience, I was more fortunate than many students in two respects. First, I was given the "enriched" series of courses in high school. These were preparation, in part, for the quantity of college work. But they were in no way a qualitative sample of the academic standards of this college. In those classes there were people of apparently outstanding capacities, yet we read a fifty-page "adaptation" of *Pride and Prejudice*.

I was also fortunate to have had two inspiring teachers who were willing to stay after school hours to help students who were interested in their particular subjects. But surely education should take place in school, not after the regular hours. It is thanks in a large part to these two teachers that since September I have been living a life for which I was in no sense prepared by California schools.

I realize that California's school

problems are many, but I should like to call one more to Mr. Corey's attention. If, as he says, the records show a gradual and consistent improvement in the grades of freshmen at the University of California, perhaps California's colleges have been brought down to the academic level of its high schools.

HELEN R. FIFIELD  
Swarthmore, Pa.

### Goals for unions

SIR:

"New Goals for the Unions" by Sumner Slichter in the December *Atlantic* is an excellent summary and analysis of the history of unionism in this country. However, Mr. Slichter invites criticism by one statement, "In the main, the problems must be solved by government action, in spite of the fact that a large majority of trade union leaders are sincerely interested in fair and honest trade union government."

I would be most reluctant to classify Mr. Slichter with that group of idealists who unconsciously fronted for the socialist politicians in the hope of achieving their Utopia. I believe Mr. Slichter is somewhat more practical than they, but for the moment must have failed to realize how far reaching his suggestion of government control of unionism could be in relation to socialism in this country.

Our "apathy," as Mr. Slichter terms it, toward the inner affairs of the union or toward state affairs cannot be legislated or directed by a government bureau. The thing Mr. Slichter deplores in unionism is a moral matter. We all know that no government is any stronger

or better than the family unit. Reform must come about there.

B. SCHLEPPEY  
Zionsville, Ind.

SIR:

In his recommendations for curbing union abuses, Mr. Slichter places first things first. His first recommendation is for federal legislation to prohibit the holding of union office by persons convicted of a felony. He might well have said "to prohibit permanently." The Kennedy-Ives bill was reported in the newspapers to include such a ban. Actually, it bans a felon only until the restoration of his right to vote in elections held under the laws of the state of his legal residence.

The Kennedy-Ives bill bans felons (temporarily) not only from holding union office but also from serving as business agents or in several other positions. Instead of listing such positions, there would be an advantage in barring the employment by a labor union of felons in any capacity.

The control of labor unions by criminals is a cancer in the labor movement. Once this is cut out, all other needed reforms will be easier to secure.

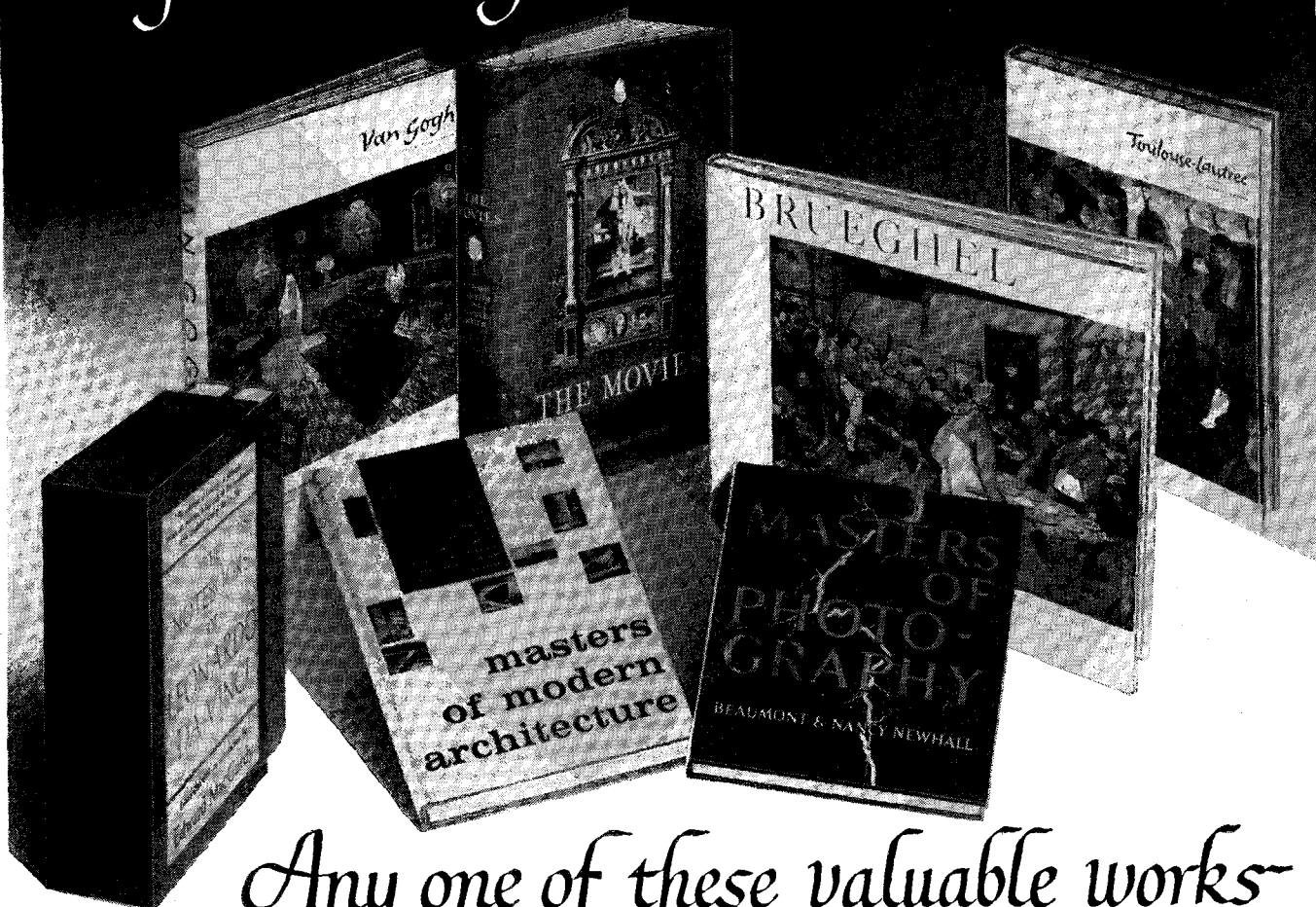
CHARLES H. PORTER  
Tamworth, N.H.

### Soup or chemicals?

SIR:

We feel that it is our duty to defend the MIT student body from being completely misunderstood (Charles W. Morton's article in the December *Accent on Living*). There are students who would rival any Harvard man for impeccable dressing, but

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they are not the ones who thumb across the bridge. The reason for the so-called uniform is the chemistry lab. Somehow the acid burn in a cheap pair of pants is far less painful than the same thing in one's best suit. These burns are what look like soup stains. We are proud individualists, and your claim of a uniform is ridiculous. We are all different and intend to remain so.

PETER M. SILVERBERG, '60  
RAYMOND P. WENIG, '61  
WILLIAM MIHALTSE, '62  
MIT, Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

As undergraduate members of the MIT community, we are outraged at the remarks of Charles W. Morton concerning the customary attire of the MIT student body. We must protest the invalid conclusions at which Mr. Morton arrives on the basis of his limited sampling. We should like to point out that the bridge crossers whom Mr. Morton observes daily represent the better-dressed, economically favored elements of the student body, who are better able to assume the financial responsibilities associated with attending the institute and at the same time maintain some semblance of elegance in their dress. In actuality, the majority of the MIT student body is infinitely more grubby than Mr. Morton could possibly imagine.

JOHN H. KUSMISS, '59  
HAROLD L. LEVY, '60  
ARVIN B. CONGLETON, '61  
DENNIS O. LUEBKE, '62  
MIT, Cambridge, Mass.

**I, personally —**

SIR:

Charles D. Stewart in his short article on "A Pilfering by Poe" (December *Atlantic*) failed to acknowledge an earlier detective, James Russell Lowell, who knew something about sources. Lowell wrote:

There comes Poe, with his Raven,  
like Barnaby Rudge,  
Three fifths of him genius and two  
fifths sheer fudge.

Attitudes on antecedents are odd. In science we carefully build upon the ideas of others, a practice called plagiarism in the arts!

STERLING B. HENDRICKS  
Silver Spring, Md.

SIR:

I, too, thought Robert Roripaugh's "The Peach Boy" in the

September *Atlantic* a piece of enchanting and nostalgic excellence, but I cannot let pass by letter-writer Joseph Gancher's criticism of the line, "He could see the missing tooth," in the November *Repartee*. Mr. Gancher has evidently forgotten Aristotle's definition of "Being" in the *Metaphysics*, which was clarified by the Schoolmen in their distinction between *ens reale*, real being, and *ens rationis*, conceptual being. *Ens reale* defines a real entity as that which has actual and positive existence as an object. *Ens rationis* includes entities that do not have real and positive existence in the first sense. Thus, if a true proposition can be asserted about a nonexistent thing, in a sense it has being, since it is not a pure nonentity. A negative entity, such as the missing tooth, is an *ens rationis*. It follows, therefore, that Mr. Roripaugh may rightly speak in the Aristotelian sense of seeing a missing tooth.

M. RUDOLPH MILLER  
East Liverpool, Ohio

SIR:

The St. Paul Poets, St. Paul, Minnesota, wish to compliment you on the November *Atlantic*. We are especially grateful for the variety and number of poems you published as well as for the article by Arthur Waley, "Notes on Translation."

It is our belief that good poets can send more brilliant and far-reaching missiles into space than any mechanical device known to man.

THEO E. GILCHRIST  
White Bear Lake, Minn.

**Peoria, Illinois**

SIR:

The city of Peoria, Illinois, is blessed with an active, philanthropic, and beloved Jewish community. The Corporation Counsel of the city, respected for his high professional ability, integrity, and worth as a citizen, is a Jew. We have elected Jewish people to public office, including that of state's attorney.

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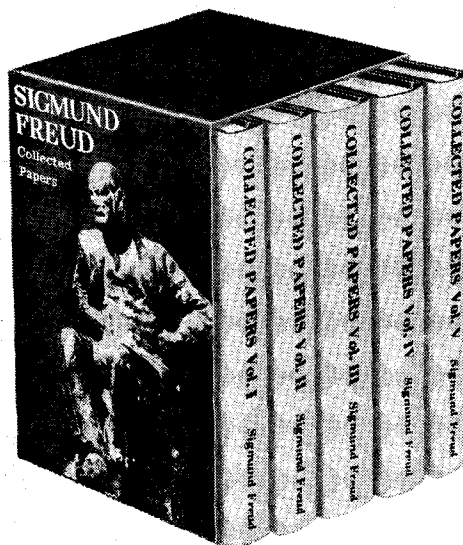
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Peoria, Ill.

## Walden Pond

SIR:

In the December *Atlantic*, I find the following sentence in the delightful "Peripatetic Reviewer":

"As I write this the residents of Concord have voted 603 to 38 to move the town dump to Walden. Where else would you put the stuff!"

Though Concord has been hard pressed to find a place to "put the stuff," it is not to be put in Walden Pond.

The sanitary fill will be behind the present trailer park and will be invisible from the road and from the pond. I wish I could say the same of the trailers!

JULIA WARD SHAW  
Concord, Mass.

I have been reproached by certain Concord residents for having made a misleading reference in "The Peripatetic Reviewer" to the town dump. The new dump site is one third of a mile from Walden Pond, and presumably it was placed there because no citizens wished to have it that close to their private residence. Promises have been made to keep it free of odor, but my experience with town dumps in the Salem-Beverly area has left me skeptical. They are at best an eyesore, and at worst a stinking, dangerous nuisance. Remember Bar Harbor.

— THE EDITOR

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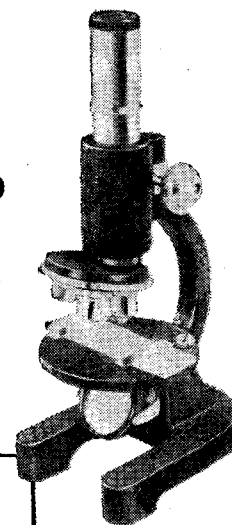


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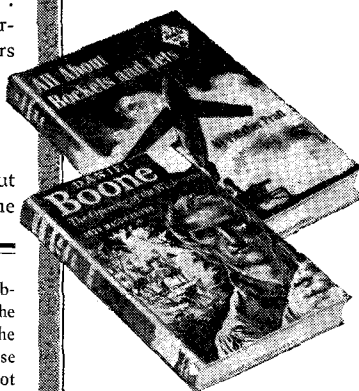
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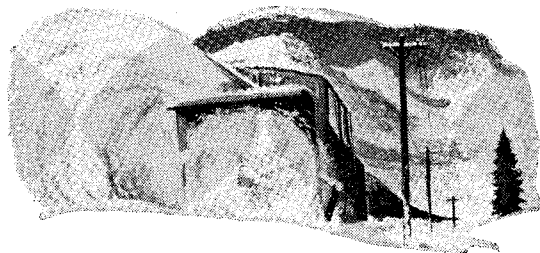
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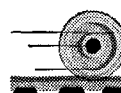
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## BIOGRAPHY, TRUE AND FALSE

BY IRIS ORIGO

*An American by birth, who with her husband the Marchese Antonio Origo took a leading part in the Italian underground during the war, IRIS ORIGO has done most of her writing on their farm in Tuscany and in Rome. She is a biographer by choice, and her books include a life of Leopardi, a short study of Byron's daughter, and THE LAST ATTACHMENT, an account of Byron's love affair with Countess Guiccioli. The essay which follows is drawn from the Ann Radcliffe lecture which the Marchesa delivered in Cambridge last autumn.*

I do not remember who it was who once remarked that every great man has his disciples, but it is always Judas who is the biographer.

Whether or not this is entirely true, there are certainly more ways than one in which a biographer can betray his subject — and not all of them spring from bad intentions. "Whatever you do, do not prettify me!" said Walt Whitman to his friend Horace Traubel, the author of *With Walt Whitman in Camden*. "Include all the hells and damns." But other great men have considered that any biography can hardly fail to be a betrayal, for the very sound reason that no one really knows anything about anyone else. "The world will never know my life," said Carlyle, "if it should write and read a hundred biographies of me. The main facts of it are known, and are likely to be known, to myself alone, of all created men." And these words stand on the first page of the long life written by his closest friend, James Froude.

We would all agree as to which is the most satisfactory biography — most satisfactory owing to the unmistakable, unrelenting veracity of the biographer. Boswell has told us very clearly what he was aiming at: he thought that a life should be

"like a flawless print struck off from the engraved plate which is bitten into our memory." Biography, in his view, should not be a selection or a monument or a thesis, but the *duplication* of an image in the mind. Unfortunately, as Geoffrey Scott remarked in his penetrating preface to Boswell's *Notes and Journals*, "This is an aim beyond human reach." But Scott also shrewdly added: "The knowledge that his arrow pointed to that impossible mark, was Boswell's source of confidence. Other biographies might forestall his book; that they could rival it, he never, in his most sombre moments, conceived. Those others did not even know that biography is impossible."

Impossible or not, the biography written by a man's daily companion belongs to a genre that has a perennial charm: it gratifies our wish to believe. When a biographer records — with a sharp ear and a selective eye — what a great man actually said to him, he awakens a degree of conviction that no other form of narrative or analysis can achieve. "I wonder why we hate the past so," says Howells ruminatively to Mark Twain, and when Mark Twain replies, "It's so damned humiliating!" we know, without a doubt, that that is precisely what the great man did say. To open such a book

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is like entering a room — a room, I think, in an old-fashioned English country house — greeted by a mixture of wood smoke, old books, wet dogs, and fresh roses. One enters, and one is at home.

This is, perhaps, why Dr. Johnson himself asserted: "Nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have eaten and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him." Failing personal acquaintance, he maintained that a biographer must at least be able to talk with his subject's friends, though he also admitted that their reports were often highly unsatisfactory. In his own youth, he related, he determined to write a life of Dryden, and applied to two men who knew him, Sweeney and Cibber. "Sweeney's information," he said, "was no more than this, that at Will's coffee-house Dryden had a particular chair for himself, which was set by the fire in winter and was called his winter chair; and that it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and was then called his summer chair."

WHAT, then, is the wretched biographer who is not a contemporary to do, the writer who has no plate bitten into his memory, who must juggle, two or three centuries later, bare facts and documents, and who has, at best, an occasional portrait to look at? The further back we go, the more evident our presumption becomes. From the seventeenth century onwards we have at least some private papers to help us: someone writes a love letter, someone scolds an erring daughter, someone else sets down in a diary his fear of death; but earlier, what is there? A mass of public documents, but a terrible dearth of private ones. How can we dare, from such fragmentary and formal knowledge, to reconstruct a man?

Two methods are open to the biographer: he can try, in the manner of the three-volume Victorian biography and of the exhaustive modern biographies which are again becoming popular, to set down everything he can find out; or he can attempt the selective portrait, the "work of art." The first method, unavoidably, must be that of the official biographer, who writes at the request of the family or of the state, or sometimes, nowadays, is financed by some great foundation. He works with one great advantage — a vast supply of material — and sometimes with a corresponding disadvantage, that part of it must be suppressed. For him the only solution seems to be the one recommended by William Allen White to a young historian: "Kill the widow!" Sometimes, too, it is the subject himself who has taken a great deal of trouble to cover his own tracks. In an essay on George Sand, Henry James suggested that the

artist who fears to become the subject of a biography should take an unlimited degree of trouble to destroy all his private papers, leaving only his considered creation behind him. "Then," he wrote, "the cunning inquiry will exceed in subtlety and ferocity anything we today conceive, and the pale forewarned victim, with every track covered, every paper burnt and every letter unanswered, will, in the tower of art, stand, without a sally, the siege of years."

Most biographers of our own time, however, and certainly those dealing with public men, are more likely to complain of too much material than too little. Even Boswell, according to his own diary, was so overwhelmed by the amount of his material when he started to put it together that he would sit in London coffeehouses with tears pouring down his cheeks; Virginia Woolf was hardly less dismayed by the number of Roger Fry's papers. But what must Franklin Roosevelt's biographer have felt, surveying the forty tons of documents at his disposal?

We live in a historically minded age, and I understand that an American statesman of our time was even in the habit of having his telephone conversations recorded in large diaries. This is, surely, a formidable prospect. Moreover, in addition to the written word, it is now possible to see again our subject's face and gestures in a hundred newsreels, to hear again the very accents of his voice in recorded broadcasts. With such a plethora of material, every biography must to some extent become a selective one. But here problems of a different nature at once arise, problems of choice: is it possible to choose without revealing a bias, to reject and not to falsify? Every biographer is familiar with the seductive tricks of the trade: the slight juggling with dates, the suppression of inconvenient letters or of remarks that are out of character or merely flat, the placing of a telling conversation or document where it is most effective, the smoothing out and the touching up. In the end a portrait is built up: slick, vivid, convincing, and false.

There are also, of course, the mistakes of sheer ignorance. I am thinking at the moment of one of my own, which was kindly pointed out to me in a letter from Rebecca West. I had mentioned, as an example of Mrs. Carlyle's touchiness, the disastrous Christmas party at the Grange, at which Lady Ashburton presented her, from the Christmas tree, with a silk dress, after which Jane retired to her bedroom in tears. I thought she was making a good deal of unnecessary fuss, or rather that she was using this pretext to express a deeper resentment against her hostess. Rebecca West, however, pointed out my mistake. Her great-aunt Isabella Campbell, who belonged to the Carlyle

period, had often spoken of the episode and thought it "a most extraordinary thing for Lady Ashburton to have done, as a silk dress was the recognized present for a housekeeper, and a friend of the family would have felt bewildered at receiving it. To wear a dress which one had not ordered from the start and had fitted according to one's own measures was a sign of social inferiority." Plainly, therefore, on this occasion Jane was right to be offended, and I did not know what I was talking about. I still think, however, that Mrs. Carlyle was glad of so good an excuse to express her irritation with the woman whom her husband described as having "the soul of a princess and a captainess" and whom he considered, which was worse, as witty as herself.

One way of guarding against making too many such mistakes is to write only about those times and places with which one is familiar. Another safeguard is to become acquainted with the whole surrounding scene. I remember, for instance, once reading a translation of Leopardi's "Sabato del Villaggio" in which the *fascio dell'erba*, the bundle of grass, which the girl in the poem is carrying is translated as "a truss of hay." The image brought to mind is one of green hayfields and wagons and pitchforks and buxom country girls — an Austrian scene, or an English. But there are no hayfields near Recanati. There are only steep, dun-colored hills on which olive trees grow, with wheat beneath them and perhaps a few vines, and by the edge of the road there are sometimes tufts of grass, of which town dwellers cut an armful to feed their rabbits. This was the bundle of grass brought home by Leopardi's *donzella*. A single misleading sentence — written not because the translator did not know Italian but because he did not know Leopardi's birthplace — conjured up a whole non-existent world.

THREE insidious temptations assail the biographer: to suppress, to invent, and to sit in judgment, and of these the earliest and most frequent is suppression. In the Middle Ages, indeed, it was rendered inevitable by the purpose which biography was intended to fulfill: to produce a noble example. The medieval view of history was that of a drama enacted within an established pattern — God's pattern for mankind. The lives of the men who came nearest to conforming with this pattern were related as an example to other, lesser men, and consequently a disproportionate number of medieval biographies are concerned with the lives of saints, while others are about rulers or leaders rather larger than life size.

The first English author who admitted that a

biography might also aim at what he calls "lawful delight" was Thomas Fuller, who in the introduction to his *History of the Worthies of England* (in 1662) places this as the fourth and last of his purposes in writing: "First, to gain some glory to God. Secondly, to preserve the manoeuvres of the Devil. Thirdly, to present examples to the Living." And only fourthly, "to Entertain the reader with Delight."

In this respect, the attitude of classical biography was much nearer to our own. It was by the example of Plutarch that writers justified themselves when taste began to turn, in the seventeenth century, from what Dr. Johnson later called "honey-suckle lives" to a more varied, livelier curiosity. Dryden, for instance, admired Plutarch precisely because he had dared to show his heroes in undress. "You may behold," he said, "Scipio and Laelius gathering cockle shells on the shore, Augustus playing at bounding-stones, and Agestilaus riding on a hobbyhorse, among his children. The pageantry of life is taken away: you see the poor reasonable animal as naked as ever nature made him; are acquainted with his follies, and find the demi-god, a man."

Here, surely, is the prelude to modern biography; but with the admission that heroes, too, should be shown as naked and fallible, the problem arose as to whether this true picture was likely to dismay or to corrupt the reader. And if this danger existed, had the biographer the right to speak the truth?

The problem was set by Boswell to Dr. Johnson. Was it right to relate that Addison, having lent a hundred pounds to Steele, recovered his loan by sending an officer to remove his friend's furniture? Dr. Johnson charitably speculated that perhaps Addison had done this with the intention of reforming Steele, but he also declared that, whether this kind of interpretation was true or not, the facts should be told. "Of such speculations," he said, "there is no end; we cannot see into the hearts of men, but their actions are open to observation." And he added that another reason for telling the whole truth was that "if nothing but the bright side of characters should be shown, we should sit in despondency and think it utterly impossible to imitate them in *anything*." He believed, in short, that the whole truth should be told, for a highly characteristic reason: "It keeps mankind from despair."

In the nineteenth century, however, the suppression of unedifying or inconvenient facts came into favor again, partly owing to Victorian reticence and prudery, and partly to the same taste which created the Albert Memorial. "Too long and too idolatrous!" was the comment of Leslie Stephen on one of the great three-volume Vic-



torian lives, and "How delicate," exclaimed Carlyle, "how decent is English biography, bless its mealy mouth!"

THERE is, however, a still more serious temptation for the biographer than suppression, and that is sheer invention. A good instance is the one quoted by Professor Trevor-Roper in a somewhat merciless attack on Lytton Strachey: the length of Dr. Arnold's legs. Strachey had formed a very clear image of Dr. Arnold in his mind; he saw him as a noble, pompous figure, and — to introduce just the right additional touch of absurdity, of debunking — it was necessary that his legs should have been too short. Unfortunately, however, as Strachey himself once admitted to a friend, there is absolutely no evidence to show that Dr. Arnold's legs were shorter than any other man's.

Now the danger of this kind of invention is that, once discovered, it shakes our capacity to believe anything that its inventor has said. "Suppose we believe one half of what he tells," suggested Lord Mansfield to Boswell, about an acquaintance whose stories, he said, "we unhappily found to be very fabulous." "Yes," Dr. Johnson replied, "but we don't know *which* half to believe. By his lying we lose not only our reverence for him, but all comfort in his conversation."

In Strachey's own opinion a biographer's equipment consists in three points: "a capacity for absorbing facts, a capacity for stating them, and a point of view." The definition is a good one, for without a point of view no history can be written, but there is also a danger that it may not only shape but distort the facts. The biographer who puts his wits above his subject will end by writing about one person only — himself. My personal complaint about *Eminent Victorians* would be not that it is inaccurate, but that it is *thin*, and that its thinness springs from condescension. If you wish to see a person, you must not start by seeing through him. Another instance of this occurs in the first sentence of a very fine biography, Harold Nicholson's *Tennyson*. "We smile today at our Victorians," it begins, "not confidently, as of old, but with a shade of hesitation: a note of perplexity, a note of anger, sometimes a note of wistfulness, has come to mingle with our laughter."

The fatal words are, of course, the first ones, "We smile today." The biographer has started by putting up a barrier — and even if, in the next few words, he suggests that it is beginning to crumble, he is still writing from the other side. He has, in short, succumbed to yet another of the biographer's temptations: the desire to sit in judgment. "To penetrate," wrote the French historian Marc

Bloch, "into the unknown being of a man separated from us by a long stretch of generations, one must almost cast off one's own self. To pull him to pieces, one need only remain oneself. The effort is undeniably less strenuous."

Every work of art, of course, implies a previous process of assessment, and it is the writer's implicit view of life that gives style and flavor to his work. Even though the assessment and criticism of manners and morals which were once assumed by the biographer and the novelist have now largely been handed over to the psychologist, the judgment of character still remains the central problem of biography. But insofar as a biographer is also a historian, he should, I think, be very careful not to drown his subject's voice with his own. One peculiar function of biography is to show history as it was to the participant, to observe for a moment *das Gewordene als Werdendes*, what has come to pass, while it is still occurring. Through the man whose life we are describing, we can see history in the course of being lived. In one sense, all organized histories are unsatisfactory, because they are written with the wisdom of the future. But in individual lives we can seize, if nothing else, a vivid sense of actuality; it is a pity to blur it.

Besides, our own judgments are surely not immune from change. We shall not, at the age of fifty, judge a man in the same way as we did at twenty-five. Ten days before his death, Dr. Johnson asserted that he was "ready now to call a man a *good* man, on much easier terms than formerly." With the passing of the years, the muscles of moral indignation sometimes begin to sag and the voice becomes less sharp, and this is true even in the field of abstract thought. I remember asking George Santayana, in his old age — when he was preparing an abridged edition of the great work of his youth, *The Life of Reason* — whether there were many things that he would now like to change. "No," he gently replied, "I feel I have much the same things to say — but I wish to say them in a different tone of voice."

Recently the psychologists have invented some ingenious devices which, they claim, will provide short cuts to assessing a man's character and state of mind. A German called Busemann advises us to count, in a man's letters and journals, the relative number of adjectives and of active verbs, thus obtaining what he calls his A/Q or Action Quotient. A prevalence of adjectives, he says, indicates a state of emotional tension. The process has even been applied to William James's letters, showing that between the ages of forty and fifty his letters to women were more emotional, and after sixty, those to men. Two American psychologists have invented a more complicated device. By counting, in interviews with people suffering

from emotional problems, the words expressing some form of discomfort, which they call D, and those expressing relief, which they call R, they obtain what they call a DR Quotient, which, when set down on a graph, accurately reflects their clients' states of mind at the time. They therefore suggest that the same method should be applied by biographers. We might ask ourselves, for instance, what Churchill's Discomfort Relief Quotient was when he offered the British nation blood, sweat, and tears.

I am myself not very good at counting, but even if I were, I do not think that either A/Q or DR/Q is going to take us much further in the complicated task of assessing human personality. They will hardly take the place of those unscientific, uncertain old instruments: intelligence and intuition. Yet how often even these fail us! We can hang mirrors, as Virginia Woolf advised, at every corner; we can look at our subject's face at every angle and in every light. We can discover strange and curious pieces of information: that Aristotle had a hot-water bottle made of leather, filled with hot oil, and that Leopardi, in the winter in Bologna, spent his days in a bag lined with feathers, from which he emerged looking like Papageno. But never, never do we see enough. Beneath the conscious personality, the purposing man, there is in each of us an underworld of discarded characters who have still some life in them. These, too, the biographer must seek. "In every fat man," said Cyril Connolly, "there is a thin man, trying to get out."

To Virginia Woolf the central problem of biography was how to mold "into one seamless whole" the "granite-like solidity" of truth and "the rainbow-like intangibility" of personality. It is, surely, impossible — but few writers have come closer to it than she did. The problem was one that fascinated her, not only in literature but in life. "Go on, this is enthralling," she would say, when her friends brought her an exciting piece of gossip. "I feel as if a buried statue were being dug up, piece by piece."

One of her friends once told me that on a cold November evening, as he was making his way to her house, he came upon Virginia Woolf standing in the fog beside an apple barrow and asking the old apple woman, in her deep, throaty, compelling voice: "Tell me, what does it *feel* like to stand here in the fog on a dark evening, selling apples?" I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but certainly the question was one she often asked. "What does it feel like," she would say to me, "to wake up in the morning on a Tuscan farm?" And once I heard her say, perhaps not wholly without malice, to a disconcerted young peer: "Tell me, what does it feel like to be a lord?"

Yet when, in later years, she came to write a life of Roger Fry, who had been one of her closest friends, the book was curiously less vivid, more conventional, than the etchings in her essays. She found, indeed, the sheer effort of putting together the material for a full biography almost unbearably tedious. "Donkey work," she recorded in *A Writer's Diary*, "sober drudgery, appalling grind." And when at last the book was finished, there was a most revealing final note: "What a curious relation is mine with Roger at this moment — I who have given him a kind of shape after his death. Was he like that? I feel very much in his presence at the moment, as if I were intimately connected with him: as if we together had given birth to this vision of him; a child born of us. Yet he had no power to alter it. And yet for some years it will represent him."

**I**S BIOGRAPHY, then, worth attempting at all? Where there are so many snares, would we do better to be silent? I think not. Many critics would deny to any biographical portrait the essential reality, the truth that is truer than truth, of the novelist's or dramatist's creations, but I do not think that this need be so. The biographer has, of course, a fixed pattern; he is, as Desmond MacCarthy once said, "an artist upon oath." But the calls upon his imagination and intuition are hardly less exacting than the novelist's. The novelist and dramatist, after all, do not create their characters in a void, but out of experience informed and illuminated by the imagination. And this is the only stuff that all art is made of.

Shakespeare himself invented hardly any of his plots, but, having accepted a ready-made pattern for the actions of his characters, was then free to give his whole attention to bringing them to life. And so surely, too, the biographer's true function — the transmission of personality — may also be, within its own pattern, an act of creation, giving shape, in Virginia Woolf's phrase, to a man after his death and endowing him with what is, when we come to think of it, a very odd form of immortality. For of many great men of the past we know only what their biographers or portrait painters saw. Just as we know no other face for Pope Julius II than Raphael's, no other Federico da Montefeltro than Piero della Francesca's, so Strachey's *Queen Victoria* will probably become for many the only Queen Victoria, and it is Boswell's *Johnson* whom most people call Dr. Johnson. All that the biographer did not see or could not fit conveniently into his picture has faded into mist.

What, however, it is possible to wonder is



whether in the near future there will be any demand for biography at all. Reading is a private pleasure, and not only is privacy disappearing from a world of ready-made designs for living, in which men are looking not so much for individuality as for protective coloring, but people's curiosity about other people's lives can now be satisfied in more dramatic ways than any book can offer. The radio and television now enable every man to interpret for himself, without the filter of another man's mind, the character and actions of his contemporaries.

I do not really believe this. The story of public exploits may become, to some extent, the field of the radio and of television, but the slow development of character, the processes of thought of the writer and the artist, and above all the relation of human beings to each other — these are things that cannot be simplified and that will always have to be set down, however imperfectly, in words.

"The true history of the human race," wrote E. M. Forster in a recent article, "is the story of human affections. In comparison with it all other histories — even economic history — are false." He goes on to say that owing to its reticent nature it can never be written down completely, and this of course is true, yet what little we do know of this aspect of history has come to us through biography or autobiography. And as long as human beings go on feeling affection for each other, this material will be renewed — material as complicated and yet simple, intense and yet intermittent, various and yet unchanging, as the human heart. In this sense biography is, or should be, a *completion* of life, giving a shape and a significance to the humblest, most pedestrian existence, seeing in the routine and triviality of common experience the universal pattern which gives it harmony and meaning. Every individual life is also the story of Everyman, and while it is the biographer's business to describe the passions, foibles, and idiosyncrasies which make his subject a person, his work will be very thin if these individual traits are not also seen as part of a universal drama. "A man's life of any worth," said Keats, "is a continual allegory, and very few eyes can see the Mystery."

There is an image in Pasternak's great novel, *Doctor Zhivago*, which has moved me very much — of a candle, which has melted a little patch in the icy crust on a windowpane, through which the candle's light is seen by Yura from the dark street below. "Its light seemed to fall into the street as deliberately as a glance, as if the flame were keeping a watch on the passing carriages, and waiting for someone." Perhaps that is the most that a biographer can ever hope to do: to clear, in the icy crust of each man's incomprehension of other men, a little patch, through which a faint,

intermittent light can shine. But at the best, it will always be a very little patch of light, in a great sea of darkness — and it is wiser not to be too solemn about what we are doing, since the life that we are describing, like our own, is brittle and shadowy, and it is surely very arrogant to try to give it a set form. All that needs to be said about this was said by Sir William Temple in his essay on poetry, in a single, perfect sentence: "Human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep — and then the care is over."

I do not think of truth as being made of granite, but rather as resembling a note in music, a note which we instantly recognize as the right one as soon as it is struck. Proust, the great master of the art of memory, describes in a famous passage in *Swann's Way* how in later life he was sometimes able to hear again certain sounds which, he wrote, "in reality had never stopped": the sobs which had shaken him at a crucial moment of his childhood. "It is only because life is now growing silent about me," he said, "that I hear them afresh, like convent bells which one might believe were not rung nowadays, because during the day they are drowned by the city hubbub, but which may be heard clearly enough in the stillness of the evening."

The biographer with a similar awareness of the continuity of emotion may realize at certain moments, "when life is silent about him," that he has suddenly become aware of something about his subject for which he could not give chapter and verse but which he now knows to be true. For all genuine emotion leaves behind it an eternal reverberation. Whether it is always possible for the biographer to hear and to reproduce it is another matter, unless indeed he has at his disposal such material as Keats's *Letters* — and even then, even then . . . But certainly even the faintest echo can only be heard by temporarily casting aside one's own self and one's own opinions. For this reason I would say to the young biographer who has upon his desk his first, intriguing file of papers to examine them, if he can, with an almost blank mind: to let them produce their own effect. Later on, the time will come to compare, to sift, and to draw conclusions; but first he should listen without interrupting. Sometimes then, as he deciphers the faded ink, a phrase will stand out which reveals the hand that wrote it. He may see — as suddenly as, at the turn of a passage, one comes upon one's own image in a mirror — a living face. It is then, in this fleeting moment, that he may perhaps have a faint apprehension — as near to the truth as we are ever likely to get — of what another man was like.

## PETER USTINOV

### Add a Dash of Pity



*Playwright, actor, and producer, PETER USTINOV has recently been starring in his own play, ROMANOFF AND JULIET, and making an unforgettable impression on television in the role of Danton. Simultaneously he has been writing in longhand for the ATLANTIC a series of stories, each of which in its entertaining way invites us to scrutinize a particular area of contemporary society. In this one he regards the generals who relive the war in their contentious memoirs.*

**Y**ou really are a great procrastinator," said Philip Hedges.

John Otford fidgeted in his swivel chair and smiled noncommittally. It was a beautiful late autumn day. The sun caught the shivering golden leaves, while the slight breeze made their shadows caress the rows of ancient books which lined the walls of his study. Near the window, particles of dust floated idly in various directions.

"I'm lazy, I admit it," said Otford briefly, "but then the nature of my work is distinctly devitalizing, and anyway, I feel like golf."

"I do too," Hedges sighed, "but I daren't give in to temptation. We go to press in ten days."

"Oh, you and your encyclopedia, why can't you just reprint what I wrote five years ago? I sweated blood to get my stuff ready then."

"If you read my letter, which I doubt," said Hedges, with a touch of friendly acidity, "you may remember that we had no wish to alter your admirable and scholarly piece on Oliver Cromwell's battles or on Napoleon in Egypt, but since the Italian campaign in the recent war has been mentioned so frequently in the memoirs of generals, some new facts have come to light which may bear consideration."

"Memoirs of generals," snorted Otford. "Most of them are damn bad writers, or at least show the same lack of discrimination in selecting their ghost writers as they do in selecting their staff officers."

"I don't know how you can say that," said Hedges. "The copies of the books I sent you years

ago for your perusal are still here, on your table, under a handsome coating of dust. Patton's book, Mark Clark's, Omar Bradley's, Eisenhower's, Manstein's! I see Monty's is on top. Is there any symbolism in this?"

"It was the last to arrive." Otford became a little impatient. "Philip," he said, "you're a dear fellow, but I wish you'd leave me alone. The piece I wrote about the Italian campaign was extremely painstaking, well documented, and, I flatter myself, written in pure and sober style. In spite of your aspersions, I did skim through these books when they first arrived, and, quite frankly, they do not alter a single known fact. Now, to cap it all, you bring me a five-hundred-page epic, hot from the press, the dull adventures of Sir Crowdsom Gribbell, a thoroughly undistinguished officer, whose only claim to fame is to have engineered the passage of the Rizzio River against vastly inferior enemy forces."

"John, you're impossible," Hedges laughed.

Otford picked up General Gribbell's book and glanced at the cover with distaste. "Look at this ludicrous cover, Philip, a face so undistinguished it is impossible to forget, framed against a montage of burning tanks and retreating men, probably his own. *Those Were My Orders*, he calls it. A marvelous, equivocal phrase. No doubt when events went in his favor, he could reflect that the action was successful because those were his orders, and they were obeyed, whereas when things went against him, he could shrug his shoulders and say, 'Those were my orders,' and blame those who guided his



destinies and against whose follies he had no power. It's a marvelous title, when you consider it. So typical of the Army. It means nothing, and everything. It's grandiloquent, and yet it doesn't commit the author. Full marks to Gribbell on his title, anyway. It's like a shout of triumph in a soundproof room."

"You're remarkably cynical for a military historian."

"It is impossible to be a military historian without being cynical, my dear fellow. If I had the time and wasn't by nature very indolent, I could write a tome as weighty as ten encyclopedias solely on the mistakes of generals. Napoleon, Blücher, Marlborough, Ney, they all made the most flagrant and unforgivable errors of judgment."

"Could you have done better?"

Otford smiled sweetly. "Of course not, that's why I'm a military historian, not a soldier."

Hedges tried again. He became very serious.

"What about it, John?"

"Why don't you get someone else?"

"Because when you put your mind to it, you're a thoroughly entertaining writer, quite apart from being a penetrating scholar."

"Stop flattering me."

"And you're not going to tell me you haven't plenty of time to do it. Every time I come here, I find you sitting in your office, staring out of your window, with an expression on your face which suggests that you blame mankind for not being in the South of France."

John grinned. He recognized the portrait of himself. "It's no joke, being the keeper of arms and armor in a great museum," he said. "All you've got to do is to keep the relics clean. I have no allocation to buy anything new. The great difficulty in my job is keeping awake."

"Then you admit you have the time to do other work."

"I admit I have the time," said Otford, "but I don't have the inclination."

Just then Mr. Pole knocked and entered. He was an old man, charged with preventing warlike children from stealing the scimitars and halberds from the museum. He wore a dark blue uniform, with a pair of golden crowns on his collar.

"That woman's here again, sir," he said.

Otford blanched. "Send her away."

"She won't go. Both Mr. Elvis and Sergeant Oakie have tried to get her to go, but she's most persistent, to put it mildly."

"Tell her I've gone."

"She saw your car, sir."

"How did she know it was mine?"

"I don't know, sir, but she said it was yours, and I couldn't very well deny it. She knew the number."

Hedges laughed. "A woman?" he said. "Maybe I can blackmail you into revising that article. Does Jean know?"

"It's no joking matter," Otford muttered. "For the last two days she's been making my life a misery, calling every quarter of an hour, either by phone or in person."

"Who is she?"

"Blowed if I know. A Mrs. Allen or Alban or something."

"Mrs. Alban," said Mr. Pole. "A Mrs. Alaric Alban."

"I'll leave by the back way, Pole," Otford said, "and perhaps you could ask Sergeant Oakie to bring the car round into Treadington Mews."

"What do I do in the meanwhile, sir?" asked Pole. "The poor lady seems very upset. She's sitting down in the Etruscan room. I had to get her a glass of water."

"Use your initiative, Pole," Otford answered.

Hedges was puzzled. "But why are you so scared of her, John?"

"She's thoroughly hysterical on the phone, incoherent even."

Hedges smiled. "I thought that sort of thing only happened to film stars and crooners. What did she say, or is that secret?"

"It's very secret. She kept it to herself. I didn't understand a word, except that it's something to do with her husband."

"Her husband?"

"That's funny," said Pole suddenly, staring at the copy of Sir Crowdsen Gribbell's autobiography, which Otford had replaced on his desk. "Every time she's been here, she's been clutching a copy of that book."

"Are you sure?" Otford asked.

"Positive."

"That doesn't seem very suitable reading for a hysterical woman," said Hedges. "How old is she?"

"In her fifties, I'd say, sir."

"She may be one of Gribbell's discarded mistresses from Old Delhi," muttered Otford, intrigued in spite of himself.

"What was her name again?" asked Hedges.

"Alban. Mrs. Alaric Alban," said Pole.

In silence, Hedges opened the book and thumbed through the index. Suddenly his eyebrows rose in surprise.

"Alban, Brigadier Alaric, later Colonel, page 347. Brigadier, later Colonel. That's curious."

Hedges found page 347 and cleared his throat.

"It was November 29th," he read, "when my division had already been holding the line of the River Rizzio for rather more than a month, that

one of those rare incidents occurred which cast their pall over a soldier's career, and force him to take decisions which, however disagreeable they may be, are necessary to the success of a campaign —"

"Pompous ass," interrupted Otford. "I can just hear him dictating that."

"On the evening of the 28th, I returned by light airplane from protracted discussions with General Mark Clark, who had asked me whether, in my opinion, it would be possible for me to launch a full-scale attack in concert with the Polish Division on my right flank on a very narrow front, the idea being to ford the Rizzio and seize the road junction of San Melchore di Stetto, thereby splitting the enemy line at a vital point. The Polish general was willing, but I remonstrated, believing that our troops were in no condition to do more than hold the line until we had properly built up our supplies to ensure success. Intelligence had ascertained that there were elements of two enemy divisions on the north bank, the 381st and the crack Grosser Kurfürst Grenadiers, and I was certainly opposed to any unnecessary waste of life which a rash and unprepared attack against a formidable opponent would most surely entail. The American general, while remaining courteous, was most insistent in trying to engage my support for his plan, and I was not helped by the rash and even boastful attitude of the Polish commander, who indulged in the most unnecessary braggadocio. I told General Clark I would give him my answer within twenty-four hours, and left for my headquarters in the hamlet of Valendazzo. The atmosphere at my departure was somewhat unpleasant, but restrained. Upon arrival at Valendazzo, I immediately asked my brigade commanders to dinner. Freddy Archer-Brown, my aide-de-camp, and Tom Hawley, my intelligence officer, were also present. Brigadier Foulis supported my plan entirely, the only opposition coming from Brigadier Alban, an officer with a fine record of personal courage but of a somewhat unbalanced and turbulent disposition. Brigadier Alban became very aggressive in the course of dinner, and told me I didn't know what I was doing. He left headquarters in high dudgeon, and the next morning, acting entirely on his own initiative, he launched a local attack without the benefit of artillery support, and although two companies managed to get a precarious foothold on the further bank of the river, the casualties were enormous and I was forced to bring them back. Brigadier Alban was court-martialed and retired with the rank of colonel. This was a generous verdict, and only made possible by his record of high personal courage."

There was a pause. Otford frowned.

"D'you feel like seeing her now, Sherlock?" asked Hedges.

"Gribbell was probably right," said Otford.

"How unlike you."

"Pole, bring the lady in."

Pole left the room briefly, and then returned.

"She's gone," he said.

THERE was no trace of an Alaric Alban in the phone book, and so that evening, instead of going straight home, Otford went to a club on St. James's Street. He tried to pretend to himself that he was only going there for a drink, but in truth his sense of adventure had been stirred. The club was one to which he had been elected some time ago but which he had never frequented, because it reminded him too acutely of his public school. The members, mostly superannuated military with a smattering of the prematurely old, had never liberated themselves from the hierarchical aspects of their scholastic lives. They sat around in deep chairs with hostile expressions on their faces, trying to assess their exact positions in the scheme of things from the relative servility or arrogance of other faces.

Otford entered, left his hat in the cloakroom, and strolled through the ample rooms as though looking for someone. There was a churchlike murmur of soft conversation. The carpet absorbed his feet as he walked. He veered away from the bar, since no less than three notorious bores were seated there, waiting for victims like street-walkers in a dive. Eventually he spotted Leopard Bately seated alone in the reading room, glancing at a magazine devoted to horse racing. Not a bad chap, the Leopard, a major general on the active list. He was a man with a febrile military imagination and a private fortune to back up the most outrageous ideas and make of his career a hobby. His rather grand nickname had not sprung from any exceptional deeds of valor, but rather from the fact that he had been dogged by a skin disease from youth.

"Good evening, sir."

The Leopard looked up and smiled. "Otford, we don't have the pleasure of seeing you here very often."

"May I join you?"

"By all means. I'm only killing time, and I find I'm damn bad at it."

Over a Scotch and soda, Otford asked him if he'd ever known a Brigadier Alban.

The Leopard frowned. "Alaric Alban? Yes. Unfortunate affair that. Had it coming to him though. Couldn't have ended any other way."

"Was he a bad soldier?"



"Oh no, too good by half. And a half's too large a margin to be good by, if you understand me. What happened to him nearly happened to me on more than one occasion. And then — I don't really know whether he drank excessively, didn't know him well enough for that, but he always seemed to be drunk. He had a kind of slurred speech and a bleary eye and the very devil of a temper. I think he was probably allergic to stupidity, and if you're allergic to stupidity in the Army you take a drink, and eventually you blow your top at the wrong moment and find yourself a bitter, disagreeable civilian."

"D'you think that'll happen to you?"

"Lord no, I'm not allergic to stupidity. I'm amused by it. I'll probably end up a field marshal."

After a slight pause, Otford asked the Leopard, "Have you read Gribbell's book, by any chance?"

"Gribbell's book, did you say? Didn't know the fellow could write."

"It was probably written for him."

"No, I've got better things to do than to embark on a voyage of discovery into a thoroughly mediocre mind."

The copy of the *Times* opposite them lowered, and they found themselves fixed by a pair of eyes remarkable for their lack of expression.

"We were just discussing your book, sir," Otford stammered.

"My book? It's only been out two days."

"I've read most of it already," said Otford.

"It's a fascinating story, isn't it?" answered Gribbell as a statement of fact.

"I haven't read it," said the Leopard with some irritation.

"What's that?"

"I haven't read it."

"I think you'll like it, Bately, makes fine reading."

Otford bit his lip, and took the plunge. "The description of the fording of the Rizzio threw an entirely new light on the Italian campaign," he said.

Gribbell's face became almost kind, even grateful. He put his newspaper down. "Are you a soldier, sir?" he asked.

"I'm a historian."

"Military?"

"Yes. My name's John Otford."

Gribbell did not react to this. He seemed to hear only what he wished to hear, and when John revealed his identity, the General was already thinking of his own next phrase. "You know," he said, "some of you fellows have been confoundedly unfair to some of us, the poor saps who actually did the fighting."

"Isn't it true to say that some of you fighting

fellows have been confoundedly unfair to each other? Having read Ike and Blood-and-Guts and Monty and Omar Bradley, I think it's a wonder we won at all."

Gribbell didn't hear this. "Nobody has ever realized," he went on, "that if I hadn't crossed the Rizzio when I did, on Christmas Day, we might all still be in Italy to this day." He smiled wanly, and seemed to be waiting for congratulation.

"What if you had attacked when Mark Clark wanted you to attack?"

Gribbell treated this question as an impertinence. "My dear young sir," he said with surprising venom, "if I had done as I was told, I'd have lost two thousand men for no reason."

"And what if you had supported Brigadier Alban's attack?"

Gribbell rose to his feet as though his face had been slapped. "I didn't come here to be insulted," he said stiffly. "May I ask if you are a guest at this club, or a member?"

"A member," John replied steadily.

"I am extremely sorry to hear it."

Gribbell stalked off.

"Full marks," murmured the Leopard.

And suddenly Gribbell was back. "There are certain things a man cannot put into a book because of the libel laws," he said, more reasonably. "There's one aspect of Alban's attack which I couldn't mention. The man was drunk. He led the attack in pajamas."

As OTFORD drove home, his mind was working under great pressure. He had to make a conscious effort to obey the red and green lights. Why had General Gribbell taken such an exaggerated degree of offense at the mention of Alban's name? And why had he made such an impressive, if conventional, exit, only to ruin it by returning with a comparatively rational explanation of Alban's behavior? What strange importance he had given the whole event by his extreme of anger and his gratuitous explanation for it!

Otford parked his car and was about to switch off the lights, when he fancied he saw a woman standing flush with the hedge about thirty yards away. After a momentary hesitation, he did switch off the lights, got out, and locked the car. Then he waited. He thought he heard the noise of a heel shifting on gravel, and then all was silent.

"Mrs. Alban," he called.

Silence.

He opened the door of the car again, turned the ignition key, and slowly edged forward in the pitch darkness. Suddenly he switched on the headlamps, and there was a miserable, white-

faced woman caught in the beam. She was grasping a copy of *Those Were My Orders*. Otford braked, opened the door, and said, "Mrs. Alban, would you care for a drink?" in as casual a voice as he could muster.

"Why do you keep running away from me?" she blurted.

"I didn't realize who you were."

"You're laughing at me!"

"Why should I laugh at you?" Otford was a little taken aback. For a moment, neither knew what to say.

"Do come in, where we can talk in peace and quiet."

Jean Otford was furious because her husband had failed to phone that he would be late for dinner, and, when he finally appeared, he was not alone but with a disheveled lady who looked like a vagrant.

They ate dinner in silence, a barrier of fury separating husband and wife, and Mrs. Alban adding fuel to the mute discord by remarking that the food was excellent, that she had had no intention of staying to dinner but that Otford had insisted, and that she had missed her last connection to Sunningdale, and what could she do?

After coffee, Jean stomped out of the room, not having said a word, and Otford turned to Mrs. Alban. "Tell me," he said, "why have you repeatedly telephoned me and badgered me for the last two days?"

"I'm afraid your wife is not very pleased with me," Mrs. Alban observed, meekly.

"It's me she's not very pleased with, even if you happened to be the cause. I wish you'd answer my question."

"Did you ever meet my husband?" she asked, with evident difficulty. She was a highly nervous woman and not very appealing.

"No."

"Well, I don't suppose you've read this book."

"I have, yes."

"Oh."

She paused. Otford felt he knew what was coming, but she was having to consider how to present her case, and it took time. She was pitiful, almost a harridan, her eyes bloodshot, her white hair disheveled.

"You read about Brigadier Alban, then."

"Yes."

"Do you believe it?"

"I have no reason not to."

Mrs. Alban began to cry, but curiously enough she evoked very little sympathy, so much did tears seem to be a normal feature of her face.

"It's unfair," she cried, "utterly unfair."

"Were you there?" asked Otford, a little sur-

prised at his own toughness. Curiously enough this pathetic woman was irritating him.

"Of course I wasn't there, but I know Ric, I know my husband."

She was so defiant that Otford felt slightly guilty, but just looked down and waited. After all, this woman had caused a row between him and his wife, she had eaten his food, why should he help her to end her long, embarrassing pauses?

"I know my husband, and I know Crowdy Gribbell."

"Oh?" Otford looked up sharply. "Where did you know him?"

"India, Mesopotamia, I knew both him and Flora. I was at school with Flora. We were cousins, vaguely."

"Flora? Mrs. Gribbell?"

"Lady Gribbell," Mrs. Alban corrected. Even enemies must be given their due in England. "A selfish, opinionated, greedy woman if ever there was one."

Mrs. Alban passed a hand across her face as though trying to make a fresh start. "Crowdy was two years older than Ric, but Ric overtook him very quickly. My husband won a D.S.O. and bar in 1917, when he was only eighteen years of age. He fought in Estonia against the Bolsheviks and then joined Ironside in Archangel. At the age of twenty-four, he was a captain in India, while Crowdy was only a stick-in-the-mud lieutenant with the 1st Battalion of his regiment in the North of England. They served together in the Madras region in the early thirties. Ric was the youngest major but one in the Army, while Crowdy Gribbell was an acting captain, in charge of a company of footsloggers. At the outbreak of war, my husband was forty-one. He was a lieutenant colonel in charge of a regiment of armored cars. Crowdy was forty-three then. He was still a captain, and talking of retirement. Ric was captured at Dunkirk, but escaped. It was one of the most spectacular escapes of the war, but he never wrote about it, nor would he even speak about it. In the winter of 1940, he was back in England, full of ideas about how to hit the Huns hard, where it would hurt them most. In 1941, he led a raid of eight volunteers onto the Channel Islands and captured a vital piece of German equipment. He was congratulated and reprimanded in the same breath."

"Why?" Otford asked.

"He didn't tell anyone he was going. Later that year they gave him an armored brigade in Ethiopia, and he pushed far ahead of the main Army, capturing six Italian generals and all their men. In 1942 there was talk of his getting a division, but nothing came of it. He lost his temper with all the wrong people, Jumbo Wilson, the



Secretary for War. He was given a desk job in Warhouse until he took over the 241st Brigade, but by then Crowdy Gribbell had crept up in his unspectacular way, and poor Ric found himself under the orders of the very man he least wanted to have anything to do with."

"They hated each other?"

"I don't think Ric really hated Crowdy. They had had some pretty bitter rows in the past, but Ric isn't a vindictive man. He hated what Crowdy stands for rather than Crowdy himself; the dull, the unadventurous, the servile. 'Why on earth did a man like that ever join the Army?' he used to say."

"In order to become a general was the answer," said Otford, who found this kind of military wife jarring. "But tell me, please, in your desire to clear your husband, why did you come to me?"

"I looked you up in the back of the encyclopedia at the public library. You wrote about the campaign in Italy. You see, Ric will never write a book. But you do write the one authoritative commentary which everyone can read. It is part of the record."

Just then Jean burst in. She was in a night-dress and bathrobe.

"Are you coming to bed?" she asked.

For a moment, Otford felt tempted to flare up. Instead he answered very casually, "In a moment, my dear. I'm just going to drive Mrs. Alban to Sunningdale."

To Jean the idea of a journey to Sunningdale at that hour of the night was so preposterous it was almost comic. She just slammed the door.

**T**HE journey took much longer than Otford had imagined, and all the while Mrs. Alban droned on, venting all the sour emotions of a regimental Lady Macbeth. She referred endlessly to the injustice which had befallen her husband, but she never produced a shred of evidence to prove that Gribbell hadn't been justified in his actions.

When they eventually reached the low shack in which Mrs. Alban said she lived, the front door was open and a tall, gaunt figure stood silhouetted against the light of the hallway.

"Oh, dear," muttered Mrs. Alban, genuinely alarmed.

"Where the hell have you been?" shouted the Colonel.

"Mr. Otford was kind enough to bring me back," she said nervously.

"Otford? Are you the stuffed shirt who wrote all that pompous drivel about the Italian show in the encyclopedia?"

"How did you know?" asked his wife, surprised.

"Yes," said Otford.

"And I suppose," the Colonel went on, "that my wife has been badgering you with a lot of tearful tales about me."

Otford glanced at Mrs. Alban and felt for her, perhaps for the first time. She looked so utterly desperate, so lost, so betrayed. "It is I, Colonel Alban, who have been badgering her."

"I don't believe it."

Otford got out of the car. He felt it was more dignified. The Colonel, he noticed, was in pajamas. There was a smell of whisky in the wind.

"You can believe what you damn well like," snapped Otford, surprising even himself by his courage. "The fact is that I am interested in the crossing of the Rizzio, and as a historian I want to find out what I can from whatever source possible."

"I don't know why you've got out of your car," the Colonel retorted. "If you think I'm going to ask you in you're very much mistaken, and if you cherish an illusion that I'm going to thank you for bringing my wife back safely, you're even more mistaken. I couldn't possibly care less where she's been, what she does, or whether I ever see her again. The same, sir, goes for you." He suddenly aimed a fairly powerful blow at his wife, which missed her, although whether it missed her by intention or miscalculation was not clear. With a little moan, she vanished into the shack. One or two windows opened in neighboring houses, and sleepy people shouted for a bit of quiet.

"And now," said the Colonel, "clear out, hop it, vamoose."

"I'm beginning to believe what Sir Crowdsen Gribbell told me," Otford called after the vanishing figure. "You got the sack because you were drunk!"

The Colonel turned and came back slowly. In a quiet voice, he said, "Quite correct. I was drunk as a lord. Not only was I drunk, but I was wearing pajamas on that particular occasion, white ones with a thin blue stripe. I led an attack in disobedience to orders and was broken by a court-martial, a fate which I richly deserved. General Sir Crowdsen Gribbell knew what he was doing, and I did not. The result of my precipitate action cost us four hundred and twenty-four men killed and nearly eight hundred wounded. Satisfied?"

Slowly and a little unsteadily, he walked back to his front door.

Otford, chastened, said, "I hope, sir, that you won't take my foolishness out on your wife."

"That," replied the Colonel, "like the battle of the River Rizzio, is my business."

The next morning there was a coldness at breakfast, and even then Otford did not have the stomach to end it. He could somehow think clearer in the strained silence. He left for the office without saying good-by.

At the office there was, as usual, nothing to do. He sat and stared and yawned. Suddenly he reached a decision. He rang a friend of his at the War Office and set in motion a search of the regimental records of Alban's unit. Within a few hours, and after some expensive phone calls which could be explained away or paid for later, Otford had discovered that Alban's A.D.C. at the time of the crossing of the Rizzio had been a certain Lieutenant Gilkie, who was now farming in Kenya, and that Alban's batman had been a Private Jack Lennox, who was believed to be a member of the Corps of Commissioners. With the help of that organization, Jack Lennox was soon traced to a cinema in Leicester Square. Forgoing his lunch, Otford took a cab to Leicester Square, went up to the tall, florid doorman in his resplendent operetta uniform, and asked for Lennox. The doorman revealed that Lennox worked in the offices upstairs, but that he did not come on until three o'clock.

As Otford sat in a milk bar, eating an inferior hamburger, he couldn't think why he was so impatient. All the evidence pointed to the fact that there was no mystery. Gribbell and Alban had agreed, and Alban, the defendant, had been if anything more energetic in his protestation of guilt than Gribbell, the plaintiff. And yet, Otford's instinct told him that he was on the eve of a discovery, that the investigation must go on.

At three o'clock, Otford went into the offices of the movie company, located above the cinema, and, on the eighth floor, found Lennox seated at a desk. He was dressed in his dark uniform and wore a row of medals. When Otford approached him, he looked up and smiled. He had a pleasant, open face. "And whom would you like to see, sir?" he asked.

"I believe it's you I'm looking for."

Otford introduced himself and then asked point-blank about Alban.

The expression on Lennox's face changed. An ancient pain seemed to be rekindled in his eyes. "I've been through that enough, sir," said Lennox, "and so's the old man, I reckon. I'd rather forget the whole thing."

Otford offered him a pound note, which Lennox refused.

"Did you like him?"

"Me? I never saw finer. But you had to know him, of course. He had his ups and downs, like anyone else."

"Was he rather fond of the bottle, though?"

Lennox looked at Otford with suspicion and even a little anger. "He'd like a drink at the right time, sir, same as you would."

"Did you take part in the crossing of the river?"

"I did, sir, yes," said Lennox.

"Were you one of those who reached the other side?"

"We all reached the other side, sir."

"All of you? The whole brigade?"

"The whole brigade."

Otford frowned. "How far did you get?"

"I'm not one to ask, sir. I was wounded in the foot as soon as we got over, and went to hospital. When I came out, I was sent to the Far East to our 8th Battalion, and I never saw any of the lads again."

"Is there anyone you keep in touch with, anyone I could ask?"

"There's not many in London, sir, apart from Company Sergeant Major Lambert, of 'C' Company. He's in charge of the Turkish baths at the Automobile Athletic Club, down on Jermyn Street. I see him occasionally."

Just then an employee of the film company wandered out and called Lennox.

"Excuse me a moment, sir," he said, and went.

Otford did not wait for him to return. He left the building, hailed a taxi, and went to the Automobile Athletic Club. It was quite a business for a nonmember to enter, but the fact that Otford was a member of at least one other reputable club seemed to convince the secretary, and after some quite unnecessary conversation Otford was escorted to the Turkish bath and presented to C.S.M. Lambert, a small wiry man with a sharpness about his features which would make even a serene conscience uneasy. He was dressed from head to foot in white and moved with the springy step of the physical training instructor.

Otford wasted no time in asking his questions.

"I don't know if it's my place to answer, sir, seeing as I don't have any precise knowledge as to your authority to ask them."

"But you must have some opinions," said Otford, who loathed the pomposity of the joyously downtrodden.

"Opinions I may have, sir, but that don't mean I have the permission at all times to express same, if you follow my meaning."

"No, I don't follow your meaning." John was annoyed.

"Well, put it this way. I don't know whether what we went through at the crossing or fording of the River Rizzio is still on the secret list or not."

"Has anyone told you it is?"

"No one has told me it isn't," said the Sergeant Major cannily, believing he had won a point. Dear God, what a fool.



"You knew Brigadier Alban?"

"Colonel Alban, sir."

"If you insist on being ungenerous."

"I'm being accurate, sir."

"Was he, in your opinion, a good officer?"

"My opinions don't count, sir. What counts is one, a man's record, and two, the findings of the court-martial."

"Did you agree with the findings of the court-martial?"

"It's not up to me to agree or disagree, but to act according."

"But great heavens, man, you were there!"

"Exactly!" said the Sergeant Major, with irritating emphasis.

Otford tried a fresh approach. "You crossed the River Rizzio on the 29th of November. That is common knowledge."

"If you know it, sir, it must be."

"I gather the entire battalion got across the river before it was brought back."

"I can't tell you that, sir."

"Who d'you think it's going to help if you do," cried Otford, "the Germans? They're on our side now, and very eager to be helpful."

"Then why don't you ask them?"

"By Jove, that's an idea!"

The Sergeant Major lost his composure. The thought that he might have given Otford an idea was dismaying. "What do you intend to do, sir?" he asked, his eyes narrowing melodramatically.

"I intend to take your advice and find out the truth from the Germans."

"I never advised you to do that!"

"You did," Otford replied. "You said why don't I just ask them."

"I didn't mean exactly that, sir, but if there is anything you want to know, I'd be obliged if you'd check with Major Angwin. He took over the battalion when the old man, Colonel Radford, was killed." Now he was all anxiety and breathlessness.

"That's better," said Otford. "Major Angwin, did you say? D'you know where I can reach him?"

"Yes, sir. We still exchange Christmas cards, sir. He's a truck distributor now, sir, in Lincoln. Angwin Brothers is the name of the firm."

"Thank you very much."

Otford held out a pound note, which the Company Sergeant Major accepted with a little bow.

Otford reached the museum at about half past four and found that there had been no messages and that no one had phoned. He glanced once again at the copy of *Those Were My Orders*.

"Although two companies managed to get a precarious foothold on the further bank of the river, the casualties were enormous and I was forced to bring them back," he read again.

And yet Lennock had said that the entire brigade had crossed. Perhaps Lennock wasn't in a position to know. Perhaps Gribbell wasn't either?

Otford found the number of Angwin Brothers in Lincoln quite easily, and soon he was talking to Major Angwin on the long-distance line. Judging by his voice, Angwin fancied himself as a born leader of both men and trucks.

"Alban?" he said. "I detested the fellow, ill-mannered as they come, vain as all hell, and eccentric to boot. Used to wear his cap back to front and take a parade in pajamas. You know the type of thing. Regular show-off. Mind you, I'll say this for him, the men would follow him anywhere. He had a kind of magic. He made them laugh. They thought he was mad, and there certainly wasn't a dull moment when he was around, but when you got him in the officer's mess, he was a real menace."

"Did he drink?"

"Yes, but he held his liquor remarkably well. I've never known a fellow could hold his drink the way he did. Incredible. And I never saw him lose his lucidity."

"Did you ever come across Sir Crowdsen Gribbell?"

"Yes, another perfectly vile fellow. Poles apart from wild man Alban, of course, a real Colonel Blimp. Never took a risk in his life. Never advanced an inch unless he was sure of success, and until the divisions on his flanks had done all the dirty work. At least Alban kept you awake, but a conversation with Yawner Gribbell had you snoring in no time."

Refreshing, this man Angwin.

"General Gribbell's written a book."

"The Yawn? Glad I haven't any money in it. What's he say?"

"He says that when Alban launched his attack, only two companies got across, and —"

"That's a complete and utter lie. My battalion was in reserve, and we got across behind the two other battalions of the brigade."

"He says the foothold was precarious."

"Would you believe it? The aim of the exercise was to try and reach the village of San something or other —"

"San Melchore di Stetto."

"That's it. Well, we occupied the place in less than half an hour after the attack started. Casualties were very light. Alban began digging in and sent a message back, asking for divisional support. The only answer he got was an order to retreat. He refused at first but had to give in in

the end. There was practically a mutiny when the men found themselves retreating for no reason. That move of ours gave Jerry confidence, and he opened up a murderous fire. Ninety-five per cent of our casualties were suffered during the retreat."

"Good God."

"Yes, well, there it is, for what it's worth. Anytime you're in Lincoln . . ."

EVERISHLY Otford called the War Office again and found out from his contacts there that the German general opposing Gribbell's division had been a certain General Schwantz, who was, as luck would have it, still on the active list and attached to the North Atlantic Treaty Forces in Paris. Although it was getting late, Otford placed a call to Paris and found that General Schwantz was not at headquarters but could be reached at the Hotel Raphael. Glancing anxiously at his watch, he placed a call to the Raphael, only to find that General Schwantz was out, probably at a reception at the German Embassy, honoring some visiting American leader. Relentless, Otford phoned the German Embassy, and, mustering the few words of German at his disposal, he asked for General Schwantz. Someone at the other end went to look for him, and Otford could hear the muffled roar of cocktail voices. Otford reflected that he could do with a drink. Eventually a voice came on the line and said in rather high, soft tones, "Hallo, hier Schwantz."

"Do you speak English, sir?"

"Who is on the apparatus?"

Otford explained that he was a military historian and apologized for bothering the General at such a time. Since the Germans have a great respect for historians of any kind, especially military ones, the General was more than courteous.

"I want to ask you a question about the crossing of the River Rizzio, sir."

"Rizzio? Yes. Perhaps I send you my book, *Sonnenuntergang in Italien*. Is here difficult to talk because is much noise."

"You've written a book?"

"Yes. For two weeks it appeared in Munich, in German of course. I send it to you."

"Thank you very much indeed, sir. I shall read it with pleasure. May I just ask you one more question, though?"

"Please."

"Did the November 29th attack take you by surprise?"

"Completely. There was no artillery preparation. We were accustomed to the English always attacking in the same way. Artillery and then,

after one hour or so, infantry. Here was something quite different. The attack was led by an officer in white. What he was wearing looked like pajamas. He was smoking a pipe and holding one Union Jack in his hand. Many of the soldiers were smoking, too, and playing pipes and bugles and hitting drums. It was a form of attack we used during World War I called a psychological attack, and in this case the morale of my soldiers was so low, they abandoned their positions often without firing. They had come from Russia, you see, and the general staff considered Italy like a holiday after Russia, but of course it was as bad, only smaller. Some of the soldiers were so nervous, they thought this white figure was a ghost, or a, how you say, corpse. The strange cacophony, all this was very clever, the cleverest thing I have ever seen in war, because the psychological moment was chosen for doing it. In 1914 to 1918 we lost many men by doing it when the enemy was fresh and his morale was high. I was unable to save our headquarters in the village of San Melcchore di Stetto, and our line was broken. One of my last actions was to send an urgent message asking for help to the corps commander, General Von Hammerlinck, but I knew that Von Hammerlinck would have to order a general retreat, because we had no reserves at this time. I had under my command small elements of the 381st Division, two hundred men perhaps, about five hundred of the Grosser Kurfürst Grenadiers, some overage soldiers of various holding units, and about three hundred fanatics from the SS Division Seyss-Inquart. I mixed them as much as was possible, because if prisoners should be taken, I wished to give the impression to the British that we were strong. I had already ordered a local retreat in order to prevent a complete collapse of morale — some of our soldiers had been in the line without relief for eight, nine months — when for some reason which was never explained the British themselves retreated. When the message was brought to me, I did not believe it, but I ordered a full attack. When soldiers are tired and morale is low, they must have activity. Even a hopeless charge is better than nothing. Within two hours we had returned to our original positions, and we inflicted severe casualties on the enemy. I was awarded the Ritterkreutz with diamonds, but I admit in my memoirs that I did not deserve this. Never in my military career have I known such an extraordinary and even mysterious mistake as the British made on that occasion. Does this answer your question?"

The Germans are nothing if not thorough. For a man who had begged to be excused because of the difficulty of talking within earshot of a cock-



tail party, General Schwantz had certainly done his subject proud.

"Thank you very much, Herr General," said Otford, "you've given me more than enough information, and I will take the liberty of sending you a book to read."

"Please?"

The General talked almost perfect English when he was recounting a military exploit, but in conversation he was not so happy.

"Thank you very much," said Otford.

"Thank you, and best wishes with your very interesting work."

Otford hung up and smiled grimly.

He called Philip Hedges and told him there might be a slight alteration to be inserted into the new version of the encyclopedia. Hedges was delighted. Then Otford went to the florist, bought a large bouquet of red roses, and drove home.

His wife was weary of the oppressive silence of a family dispute which only had a degree of thoughtlessness at its base and no sinister intentions. The gift of roses made her cry, since the gesture was so unlike her husband, and in bed that night he told her the whole story.

"I somehow couldn't tell you before," he said, "since it wasn't clear in my own mind."

"I understand," she whispered, although she really didn't.

He looked at her out of the corner of his eye and grinned. "I'll need your help tomorrow, though. We're going out to see Colonel Alban in the morning."

"You need my help?" She was flattered.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "If I went alone, he might be tempted to knock me down. In front of a lady, I hope he won't dare."

THE next morning, the Otfords motored out to Sunningdale. They arrived at the Colonel's shack at about half past eleven. In daylight, it looked considerably humbler than it had looked at night. It was made of corrugated iron, its bleakness somewhat disguised by vines and other creepers. Only the tiny garden was remarkable for its tidiness. Otford rang the doorbell. After a pause, Mrs. Alban opened the door.

She seemed horrified to see Otford.

"What is it?" a gruff voice called from the interior of the house.

She did not dare answer, but just hovered uncomfortably.

The Colonel appeared, a dead pipe reversed in his mouth. He was wearing shorts and a thick gray pull-over.

"What the hell d'you want?" he said abruptly.

"I thought I showed you the door last time you came."

"You didn't show me the door," answered Otford gamely. "You didn't even ask me in. This is my wife, Jean."

Alban nodded curtly, his brown eyes moving uncertainly from one to the other.

"Hadn't they better come in?" Mrs. Alban ventured timidly.

"No. What d'you want?"

"I know the truth about the crossing of the River Rizzio, and I intend to publish it."

"There's no truth about it which isn't generally known."

"That's not Private Lennock's opinion."

"Private Lennock? Where did you dig him up?"

"Never mind."

"He's not qualified to say what happened."

"What about C.S.M. Lambert and Major Angwin?"

"Lambert's the worst type of regular soldier, a timeserver. As for Angwin, he's a headstrong fool, an amateur aping the professionals. Anything they might state, I would deny."

"How about General Schwantz?"

"General Schwantz?"

Colonel Alban smiled slightly, the smile of one who recognizes a point gained by an opponent.

"Come in," he said. "Madge, look after Mrs. Otford, will you? I want to talk to Mr. Otford alone. In my study."

Jean looked at her husband, who nodded encouragingly.

"I'd like to show you some of the jams I've been making," said Mrs. Alban.

Jean followed her with a singular lack of enthusiasm. It was a man's world.

Otford followed the Colonel.

"Now, before you say anything," said Alban, "d'you notice anything about this room?"

"Well, I notice a fantastic, a tremendous collection of plants. A regiment of plants, one might almost say."

The Colonel's voice became hard again. "I will allow any collective noun but that."

"Some of these are Oriental, aren't they?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, "that little fellow's Tibetan, this rather ugly blighter's from Kashmir, they're from all over the world. Very tricky, they are, too. Have to be kept at different temperatures under glass, and it isn't easy in a private house. Still, with a little ingenuity, almost anything can be done." He smiled. "As you have proved."

"How long have you been doing this?" Otford asked.

"Ever since I left the Army. You notice nothing else? Of a negative nature perhaps?"

Otford looked around the room in silence, searching for clues.

"It's nothing detailed," Alban went on. "Have you ever been in the room of a military man?"

Suddenly it struck Otford. "There's not a single photograph of a regimental reunion," he said, "not a single relic, no framed portraits of field marshals."

"Exactly," Alban replied. "Now you have put me at ease. Scotch? It's all I have."

"Isn't it a little early?"

"Never too early for Scotch."

Alban poured out two neat ones and gave a glass to Otford.

"Could I have a little —"

"Water spoils it," said Alban. "Now."

He sat down on a campstool, leaving a broken armchair for Otford.

"I want to clear something up," Otford said. "Why were you so abrupt in manner until I mentioned Schwantz's name? And why are you so hospitable now?"

The Colonel laughed and scratched his cheek with a nicotined finger. He filled his pipe slowly while thinking how to answer. "There's nothing on earth I admire more than intelligence. I admire people who know when to obey their instincts. That's part of intelligence too. You must have done that. You proved to me that you weren't just a fool out for a sensational story, you were a man who smelled a rat and used your head smelling it out. I did everything to discourage you the other night. I put you off the scent, and you came right back on it. I admire that, and it made you worthy of my hospitality." The man was certainly a leader by temperament. He was so serene in his vanity that it was impossible to take offense. He lit his pipe slowly.

"You think you're going to get a story out of me," he went on. "You're not. The most I can do for you is to make you comfortable for a moment."

"You're not even eager to know what Schwantz said?" Otford asked.

"No. He undoubtedly told the truth. I wish he hadn't."

"You're content to let Gribbell's version of the story go unchallenged?"

"Oh, yes." Alban was almost negligent in his reply. He looked up, saw Otford's puzzled face, and laughed aloud. "I was spoiled by my superiors. I was a kind of overgrown boy scout really, and that's what the Army approved of in those days. The Balkan campaign at the end of World War I was real fun, full of intolerant French officers, Serbs on their dignity, Bulgarians with hurt national feelings, and Greek merchants making a lot of money with delightful impertinence. Estonia was fun too, raiding the Bolshevik lines, capturing

women soldiers — I felt as Byron must have felt in Greece. Archangel was too cold for comfort, but the weekends I had spent in English country houses were admirable training for it, and I managed to enjoy it. Later on, in India, I played a great deal of polo really well and consequently got rapid promotion. People were killed all the time, of course, but I was younger, and it seemed to be the luck of the game."

He paused for a moment and stared at the smoke from his pipe. "The rot began to set in when I got to France in thirty-nine. It seemed to me that I was surrounded by the biggest bunch of jackasses I had ever seen together at the same time. Their stupidity was so crushing that it was consistently entertaining. The men spent their time polishing their buttons and rushing at sacks with their bayonets, screaming so loud they frightened themselves. All the training seemed to be directed toward making the men as conspicuous as possible. I beefed and complained to no avail. When Jerry made his big push, we did what we could to facilitate his task, and we can flatter ourselves we lost even more convincingly than he won."

"After that, Ethiopia was like a reversion to the kind of wars I had enjoyed. Not much killing, just a lot of extremely beautiful scenery, and a healthy life out in the open. Then London, the hothouse, deskwork galore, throwing bits of vaguely worded papers from tray to tray. I was beginning to tire of it all, when they sent me out to give old Crowdy Gribbell a helping hand. He was horrified when he saw me again after all those years, and he hadn't the character to insist that I go. Not much character, Crowdy. I'm being overgenerous. No character. We sat on the south bank of that lousy stream with the pretty name — the troops called it the Ritzy — for a full two months, doing nothing but waiting for the enemy to retreat."

"I knew perfectly well Jerry was putting on a big act. There was far too much movement on his bank of the river for it not to be just for show, but it took old Crowdy in. He was in mortal terror of a Hun attack. Then they called him up to HQ and put him on the mat. He came back white with anger. He was always very easily hurt, old Crowdy, usually because he didn't quite understand what was being said to him, and he wanted to be on the safe side. He asked some of us to dine with him. Bloody awful dinner, I remember. Bloody by any standards. He asked for our support in his determination not to stick his neck out by attacking. 'Damned if I'll show my hand before the Boche does,' he said. I lost my temper and told him I was ashamed to be serving with him and a lot of other things rather less temperate. I always overdid it a bit, chiefly because he wouldn't have understood it otherwise. I stalked off to my



brigade HQ and planned to use one of Jerry's oldest tricks on Jerry himself. Just after dawn, "A" Company went forward on a very narrow front, banging tin trays, smoking, faces blacked, some of them in underwear, others carrying sheets tied to their rifles. I led the charge in pajamas, smoking a pipe and reading a copy of the *Illustrated London News* as I walked. We made as much noise as we could. One fellow had some bagpipes, there were four buglers, three harmonicas, a mouth organ or two, and a hell of a lot of shouting. We went through the Hun like a knife through butter and marched into San Melcchore di Stetto half an hour later."

"What were your casualties?"

"One killed, four wounded. Then I made my fatal mistake. Instead of appealing to the Polish commander on my flank for support, I sent the message to Crowdy. He replied that I was under arrest and ordered our immediate retreat, declaring that I had ruined his overall plan for seizing San Melcchore. I replied that since San Melcchore was now in our hands, there was no further need of an overall plan. This only made matters worse. He sent word that I was a liar, and the last order I obeyed in the Army was a criminal retreat. We lost four hundred and twenty-four men in that withdrawal. There."

He frowned in anguish, then smiled again.

"I have done precisely what I said I wasn't going to. I have told you my story. D'you know why I decided to do it?"

"No."

"Because I'm a good judge of character. That was the price I was willing to pay in order to induce you to keep quiet about this."

"You mean you don't want me to correct the record?" Otford almost shouted.

"The record? What's the record?" Alban poured himself another drink. "At every board meeting or meeting of Parliament they go to endless lengths to keep the record straight, and then no one ever looks at it again."

"Unless there's a lawsuit."

"A lawsuit needs a plaintiff. In this case, there isn't one." Alban fixed Otford with a penetrating stare and drew his campstool closer to the armchair.

"I wonder whether you can understand this," he said, very quietly, almost reverently. "I've always wanted children, and we never had any, and nothing makes you more respectful of life than the desire to give life, linked to the inability to do so. I realize certain things have to be done in the world, and there are certain talents which have to be obeyed. I was a good soldier. I don't know whether you've ever watched a game of lawn tennis. There are moments when the ball lingers

on the net, undecided as to which way to fall. There are soldiers like that, and I was one of them. Either they become great military leaders, or they're cashiered because they behave like great military leaders when they haven't the rank to get away with it. That was me. I had a gift for soldiering — it might have been called genius if I'd been a bit more patient — but at heart I don't think I cared enough about the glamour when I was no longer a front-line soldier, and I began to care too much about the men when I was no longer allowed to be among them. What finally did it was that retreat, that damn, stupid, criminal retreat from the village. We lost four hundred and twenty-four men. I saw them dropping around me like flies. I hoped a bullet would get me in the small of the back as I walked back to our lines. It was what I deserved for being cowardly enough to obey Crowdy's pigheaded orders instead of sitting it out in the village until someone with a grain of sense in his head and adequate brass on his hat realized the importance of our victory. But by then, you know, I was eager to give up. Those four hundred and twenty-four casualties weren't just four hundred and twenty-four lives thrown down the drain, four hundred and twenty-four embryos, four hundred and twenty-four names on a sheet of paper, they were four hundred and twenty-four educations, four hundred and twenty-four intelligences, four hundred and twenty-four sensibilities, four hundred and twenty-four characters, four hundred and twenty-four ways of thought, and the regret of eight hundred and forty-eight parents. They died because Crowdy Gribbell was annoyed with me, for no other reason."

"Doesn't that prove my point?" said Otford, hotly. "Gribbell's comportment was utterly atrocious, and you were forced to take the blame for a crime committed by someone who has taken all the credit for the subsequent victory!"

"Is that the way you see it?" asked Alban quietly. "I don't agree with you, because frankly I don't care. I can't allow you to stir up all those dormant sorrows in the hearts of the parents of these boys by making them realize that these deaths could have been avoided. I would rather take the blame. And d'you know why? Because I've shoulders broad enough to carry the burden; Crowdy hasn't. For me, it's a closed chapter; for him, it isn't. He'll spend the rest of his life trying to justify his action, fearful lest the controversy should reopen. I've got my plants, Otford, and I don't care. It's splendid to see something growing, a fraction of a leaf more a day, breaking the soil, reaching for the light, breathing. It's a compromise, but it's satisfying, beautifully, thrillingly satisfying. I'm tired of death, and mud, and

tears, and the decisions which lead to them. I'm a happy man. Crowdy isn't. He sits in that depressing club he frequents and wonders what's going to happen next. He can't take it. I can. I've less on my conscience."

"You want me to forget the whole thing," said Otford slowly.

"Yes, I do. I want you to promise me to forget it."

"General Schwantz has written a book."

"Who's going to read it? Who's going to read Crowdy's, for that matter? And who's going to read your articles? Only friends, enemies, and a few students. We're not terribly important, you and I, in the span of history. Are you going to forget it?"

"Well —" Otford was loath to commit himself, even though he was deeply stirred by the tranquillity of Alban's spirit.

"I'll tell you something else about Crowdy," said the Colonel. "His wife died a year ago, and his only boy was killed in France, in the last week of the war. He never knew much about love, so that all he feels now is an emptiness, a sense of being cheated. He's stupid enough to be bitter. Well, you can't be angry for long with a poor empty shell like that."

He poured himself a third whisky.

"I've read articles by you," he said. "You write well, with a crisp, malicious style. You're a good bit younger than I am, but one day you'll suddenly realize that there's more in everyone than meets the eye, you'll add a dash of pity to your writing, and then you'll begin to grow, like those plants. Have you children?"

"No," said Otford, glumly.

"There's no . . . no reason why you can't have, is there?"

"No. I suppose we've just never got round to it."

"Good God!" Alban exploded. "You don't know what you're missing!"

"Do you?"

"No one knows better than a parent without children," said Alban stoutly, with a smile. "And now I know we understand each other, and that you will conveniently forget everything but my insubordination. Soldiers are children who never grow up, Otford. I'm growing up. Give me a chance. And incidentally, grow up yourself, before it's too late and they find a permanent arm-chair for you in that crèche for second childhood on St. James's Street, where the old babies go to die."

As they walked to the door, Alban added, "Incidentally, I didn't hit my wife the other night.

I never do. I was putting on an act for your benefit. She's a wonderful girl, Madge, but she cares, as you seem to, and she can never forgive me for no longer caring."

"I can't really forgive you for that either," said Otford, smiling awkwardly.

Otford hardly talked in the car, and since Jean had had a miserable time indulging in small talk with Mrs. Alban, a stormy atmosphere began to gather again in the silence.

"Where are you going?" Jean said suddenly.

"I've something to do in town," Otford answered curtly.

"Then drop me off home first."

"It won't take long."

They didn't talk again until they reached St. James's Street, but Jean could tell from her husband's aggressive driving that he was upset. "If the police come, tell them I'll be out in a moment," he said, as he parked the car.

He ran up the steps three at a time and walked briskly into the murmuring caverns of his club. General Sir Crowdson Gribbell sat in his usual chair, staring at nothing. Otford gazed at him in cold fury. The General always carried his head at a strange angle, tilted slightly upwards, as though wondering whether an invisible fly would attempt to land on him. He expressed very little otherwise, apart from vague determination and a gray kind of breeding. Occasionally he blinked, and his white eyelashes caught the sunlight. Nobody sat near him. He was alone.

An old waiter entered, with a quarter bottle of champagne, and placed it on the low table before the General.

"Celebrating, sir?" the waiter asked as he pulled the cork and poured the wine into a glass.

"Yes," answered the General tonelessly, "my son's birthday."

Otford felt a sudden lump in his throat and fled the club.

As he approached his car, he saw his wife sitting inside. She was pretty, but she had aged a little. Or perhaps her expression was just sadder than it had once been, her lips more compressed, her eyes less merry.

He got into the driver's seat and smiled at her. "Darling," he said, "I want to know you better." She laughed, not happily. "What on earth are you talking about?" He looked at her as though seeing her for the first time, and kissed her as if they were not yet married.

Later in the day, John wrote Hedges that there would be no alterations in the article, and a few days later, when General Schwantz's book arrived, John even forgot to open the package.



# **A NEW ECONOMIC STRATEGY**

**BY BARBARA WARD**

**A** YEAR ago, in the disturbance of Western policy after the appearance of the Sputniks, much hope was pinned upon the Paris meeting of the Atlantic powers. From this conference, it was widely believed, there would come a new initiative, a new policy to snatch the advantage back from the Communists. It would be a new starting point and mark the return to positions of strength.

Can one say that the hopes were fulfilled? In the strategic and political sense, clearly, no very cheerful conclusions can be drawn from a year that includes Iraq, Lebanon, Cyprus, the renewal of hostilities in the Formosa Strait, and the stalemate in Europe. But has there not at least been some recovery in the vital sphere of economic strategy? The signs are not unpromising. Individual statesmen have spoken of the need for a new, concerted approach to world economic problems. An impressive number of reports has appeared, all pointing to the same main components of a broad policy for world development: higher monetary reserves, stabler primary prices, a greater flow of international lending. And out of these preliminaries has come an American-sponsored proposal to increase both the reserves available to the International Monetary Fund and the lending powers of the World Bank.

These are steps which could lead to sustained international development policies on a more adequate scale. One could add to this hopeful pointer the United States's new readiness to consider establishing a development bank for the Americas, the passage by Congress of the Reciprocal Trade Act, and joint action by the United

*From her residence in Ghana for the past three years, BARBARA WARD, former foreign editor of the London ECONOMIST, has had an opportunity to size up the needs of an underdeveloped country, as she did in her earlier stay in India. She estimates, "If the wealthier nations contributed one per cent of their national incomes each year to world development, they could comfortably cover all present needs."*

States, Britain, West Germany, and other creditors to stave off the acute crisis which arose last summer in India's balance of payments.

Yet these moves, however promising, leave wide open the question whether they are to lead on to a program at once large enough and permanent enough to deserve the name of a new economic strategy. The proposals for the international agencies are modest compared with the genuine scale of world need. The Indian arrangements were strictly limited and took no account of the long-term problems facing the modernization of the Indian economy. And when one turns to the possible future source of funds for any bold economic program — the parliamentary assemblies of the Western powers and their electorates — there is no trace of the intensive preparation and education necessary if money is to be forthcoming on an adequate scale. In fact, in Congress, majority opinion was not particularly well disposed either to the enlargement of the Development Loan Fund or to the separation of economic from military aid. Yet both moves are clearly of first importance in any sustained program of economic development.

Moreover, the evidence suggests that the West's somewhat greater readiness to sponsor new economic policies in recent months does not spring from any considered Western estimate of world need, but — like the Lebanon landings or the reinforcements in Formosa — is one more reaction to Communist pressure. Three years ago, two years ago, the talk was in the main of ending foreign aid and getting the world back to normal economic methods — whatever “normal” may mean in the atomic age. The changed mood of today reflects the piling up of evidence on the scale and purposiveness of the Soviet economic offensive. Western action is not so much a strategy in its own right as a reaction to someone else's. The initiative, as in the military sphere, rests elsewhere.

How has this curious situation arisen? For curious it is that the Western powers, led by America, should today be mainly acting and reacting to Communist maneuvers when, not much more than a decade ago, America stood at the peak of its power while Russia was decimated by invasion and slaughter and China struggled in the last throes of fifty years of revolution and civil war. So violent a change in political fortunes is not fortuitous. It points to profounder causes than any temporary confusion of policy or failure in diplomatic tactics. In fact, it can be argued that the loss of initiative in recent years springs from two of the deepest conceivable misconceptions any state or group of states can entertain. In the first place, they mistake the nature of the world in which they have to live and act. In the second place, as a result of this misjudgment, they have no real desire to act at all. If the Western powers have lost the initiative, basically it is because they have had no desire or have seen no need to keep it. Thus, before there is any discussion of the kind of concrete policies that the West might pursue to restore its position vis-à-vis Communism, there is a more fundamental issue at stake. It is to persuade leaders and voters in the West that the world, far from being a cosy self-regulated world which would roll merrily along were it not disturbed by meddling Communists, is on the contrary a world of violence, catastrophe, and deepening revolution and one in which whole societies will founder if they try to rely simply on the sailing charts for calm weather. Only if this reality is accepted can the Western powers push safely on through the hurricane.

**F**OR hurricane it is. Let us look first at the scale of the contemporary revolution. Perhaps it would be more accurate to speak of the five or six revolu-

tions, all of which are going on simultaneously over the face of the earth. The scientific revolution, the industrial revolution, the technological revolution, the national and popular revolution — begun and now more or less tamed in the Atlantic arena — are violently at work everywhere else and under conditions which, far from taming them, inflame them further.

In the West, the Industrial Revolution slightly preceded the stupendous medical revolution of lengthened life and lowered infant mortality rates. Resources and births have increased together. In Asia and Africa, and to some degree in Latin America, the surge of births has come first. By the year 2000, whatever steps are taken to discourage further expansion, the present population of the world will have more than doubled — in itself an astounding fact, since it means that in four decades humanity will increase by the number it has taken a hundred millenniums and more to produce. The bulk of this expansion, 1.3 billion to 3.6 billion, will occur in Asia, where the pressure of population on resources is already at its heaviest.

The only hope of avoiding catastrophe in the wake of such expansion is a rapid modernization and industrialization of the rest of the world economy. But the obstacles are formidable indeed. In the Atlantic area, margins for the saving needed to underpin industrialization were available, in part because of a vast endowment of coal and iron, in part because of a dynamic agriculture and large reserves of empty land. In Asia — outside Siberia — the mineral endowment is on a smaller scale; there is no spare land; agriculture is profoundly conservative. Savings, the basis of all industrialization, are thus incomparably more difficult to accumulate.

Again, in the West, industry and science did not break in overnight almost as revelations. They grew up steadily in a society of widespread means and education. A middle class of savers, entrepreneurs, and savants existed before the technological revolution began. In Asia and Africa and large parts of Latin America, this preparation has been almost wholly lacking. The new ideas and possibilities strike into feudal or tribal societies with the force of an earthquake, throwing down old patterns and ways of thought, tearing out the familiar psychological landmarks, and creating a havoc of both hope and fear.

Above all, modern industrial society was built in the West when Western power and prestige were virtually unchallenged. At the turn of the nineteenth century, all but a few parts of the globe were under one form or another of Western control. Western prosperity expanded in a world made one by its ideas and its commerce. There never was a time when so wide a political order



rested on such an unobtrusive and inexpensive foundation of power. For an expanding America, in particular, it was world order at no cost at all.

But Asia and Africa do not have to modernize among the ruins of the old system. They have to do so between the competing enmities of the Cold War, the catch cries of propaganda, the restless probings of one set of powers, the uncertain ripostes of the other. Only now, when local order and stable rule have come into question, as they have in Indonesia or Burma, can one see the relevance to economic development of internal security and steady government.

There is some realization in the West of all these separate, interwoven upheavals. What is lacking is a full appreciation of their profoundest effect. We are witnessing today a world which, thrown into such a furnace of stress and change, has become plastic, fluid, moldable to an almost inconceivable degree. At a time when everything seems to be changing, the old shapes lose their power to hold; old pieties dissolve; loyalties snap; regimes fall between midnight and morning; and one has the impression of whole societies given over to formless energies which seek some new mold to contain and channel them.

Such periods are not new in history. The collapse of medieval Christendom released energy into the new nation state. The fall of the absolute dynasties let loose the liberal and popular ideals of the American and French Revolutions. What is new is the scale of the restlessness, the degree of the upheaval, the extent to which no aspect of human existence — political, economical, social, philosophical — is left untouched. If ever the revolutionary energies of man were running free of the ancient ways and seeking to scour out new channels, the time is now, and if men in the West will only listen, they will hear everywhere the roar of troubled waters and the gale of the world rising to hurricane force.

This is the context within which to assess the true challenge of Communism. Communism is the cause of none of the world's contemporary revolutions. Technology, medical advance, science, industrialization, rationalism, the national idea, popular claims and aspirations — all of these were invented and launched in the West and would be remaking the world even if Marx had never left the Rhineland. The significance of Communism is that at a time of extreme flux — in power, in thought, in technology — it offers the world a series of molds or patterns into which the released energies may flow. It offers formative ideas to the inchoate energy of change.

To nations facing the hard choices of industrialization, Communism presents the pattern of forced-draft saving and investment worked out in

the Soviet plans. To the masses stirred by the hopes of a more abundant life, it preaches social revolution and economic equality. To nations chafing at their poverty and lack of influence, it recalls the bog of Western imperial control and offers its own trade and aid "without political strings or concessions." Above all, the leaders of Communism link all these separate cajoleries together within a broader picture of world liberation and unity and brotherhood and derive from it, as from a religious faith, the energy and dedication to include all people of mankind within the scope of their plans and efforts.

Wherever there is an opening for influence or trouble, there the Communists are at work: with arms and dams for Egypt, with aid and barter for Burma and Ceylon, with recognition and offers of capital for Guinea on the eve of independence, with massive offers of trade and credits in Latin America. More pertinent even than the aim itself is the unrelenting perseverance with which it is pursued. There are no isolationist Communists. The troubled, changing, violent, catastrophic, contemporary world is their chosen field of operation. Indeed, they welcome the chaos on which they can more easily stamp the pattern of their faith. The prophets of materialism are, in the last analysis, the most profoundly devoted to the triumph of the Idea.

Here is matter enough for the ironists of history. But there is a greater irony still. The Western powers themselves launched every one of the world's contemporary revolutions. They carried them across the oceans and round the world. They set in motion the vast forces of contemporary change and in doing so never doubted that what they did was of profound concern to the entire human race. Yet today, wealthy, complacent, unimaginative, they appear indifferent to the stirring, protean world of change and revolution in which three quarters of the human race is struggling for the forms of a new life. There is not a single Western initiative that embraces change, not one idea or policy for which the sustained Western dedication is forthcoming. In our contemporary world, in short, the idealists of the West appear to think of nothing beyond their material interests, while the materialists of the East seek to remake the face of the earth by the force of their ideas.

THE present Western failure in energy and dedication is tragic and ironic not only in comparison with Communist effort and vision. A further irony is that it contradicts the lessons of the West's most recent diplomatic experience. Wherever, since the war, an element of vision and

generosity has appeared in Western policies, the outcome has been effectiveness and achievement. The Marshall Plan re-created Western Europe and laid the foundations on which a new super-national unity may now be built. British readiness to grant independence peaceably has set up a multiracial family of nations in the face of the old imperial control. So long as France did nothing but fight for its colonies, it lost them; but General de Gaulle's vision of an interdependent community may yet remake France and its African provinces together. Only where Western policy has been purely defensive and traditional, as in the Baghdad Pact, has it been a total failure. Even NATO is unstable, because it contrives to be a military alliance and nothing more.

But the greatest irony of all is that if the Western powers could bring themselves to see the need of recovering the initiative, they would have little difficulty in evolving an effective policy for doing so. The fact is that much of the theoretical groundwork has already been completed, for the simple reason that the revolution in process all around the world today practically determines by its nature the sort of policy that could be pursued.

The root of the revolution is the world's growth of population. Only intensive modernization can create the resources to feed and clothe and house the new multitudes. Modernization in turn depends entirely upon the ability to save, to accumulate more capital than is consumed in daily living or by a growing birth rate. Here, then, is the core of policy — to help the world to save and, in political terms, to do so without the Draconian discipline of Communism. The sources of saving, which vary from land to land according to its conditions and environment, include rising export incomes, dynamic agriculture, "infra-structure" — roads, ports, public utilities, and the even more vital investment in education and training — and all the various forms of industrial growth. Effective international programs need therefore to cover trade, investment, and training.

There is nothing new in all this. Virtually every element of an effective international policy has been discussed repeatedly in the last ten years, and much invaluable experience has been gained in a great variety of experiments. Simply to pick out the main heads of agreement already reached gives the framework of a workable strategy. In the field of trade, the need is for higher working reserves to underpin world commerce — for example, by tripling or quadrupling the sums available to the International Monetary Fund — and for a bolder approach to tariff policy. Between industrialized nations it could take the form of further low tariff or free trade areas. Between industrialized and primary producing groups it could

concentrate on giving greater relief to the primary producers, who at present are subject to discrimination all along the line, through revenue taxes on such exports as tea and coffee, through quotas on minerals and restrictions on farm products, and through high protection against cheap textiles, which are usually the first manufactured exports emergent economies such as India can produce.

In the sphere of capital the need is to assess the underdeveloped nation's need for external assistance, over and above its own capacity to save, and to provide capital through appropriate agencies — public, private, or international — and in appropriate forms, among them commercial loans; World Bank advances; low-interest-rate, long-term credits; and some direct grants. At the moment the emergent territories could not usefully absorb much more than \$3 billion a year in development loans, though their absorptive capacity will increase. Certainly if the wealthier nations contributed one per cent of their national incomes each year to world development, they could comfortably cover all present needs, and, if the percentage were maintained while their own incomes rose, future needs could be met as well.

The field of training is not yet well explored, and possibly a preliminary report on needs and opportunities would have to be completed before new decisions could be taken. But existing training schemes and the various technical missions scattered over the world could provide invaluable experience. In this, as in other fields, the pilot plans already exist. In short, there is enough material for action — if action is the aim. One comes back to the central point that the missing element is not the content of policy but the decision to have one. Once the decision is taken, however, there are useful precedents upon which to act. For instance, the United States government might repeat the technique which was used successfully in the case of a previous experiment in international cooperation: the United Nations, arranging a meeting of interested nations, led them to agree on aims and objectives and persuaded those who could afford it to pledge one per cent of national income to finance the organization which was to restore the ravages of war.

THIS approach is preferable to the preliminaries of the Marshall Plan, for then only America could afford to be a contributor, whereas the principle of any present plan should be that all the wealthy states of the world — most of them in the West — play their part. But in another sense the Marshall technique is a sound analogy, for the precedent



of an expert inquiry into needs and possibilities, which was adopted in 1948, might be followed again today. True, the pattern could not be so definite nor the time limit so precise; to restore a single, developed, industrial region is one thing, to encourage the beginnings or the expansion of modernization in many different parts of the world is quite another. Yet the technique of setting experts to work on a priority plan is a sound one, and it is hard to think of any other method that could launch the new policy with greater clarity and effect.

Would the new effort require new institutions as did UNRRA or the Marshall Plan? There is some danger in proliferating agencies in a world already cluttered up with so many, but methods can be evolved whereby the multiplication of extra machinery could be avoided. For instance, the conference convened by the United States might take the form of a special meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, and the commission of experts could be appointed by the Assembly itself. This approach would have the incidental advantage of compelling the Russians to make their attitude clear. If, as Mr. Khrushchev says, they do not "give a kopeck for cooperating with the imperialists," they will be obliged to withdraw. If, on the other hand, they hesitate to flout world opinion and decide to stay in, the result will be at least some measure of international control over their program of assistance. Either way, the nations of the world will know more clearly where they stand. A further advantage of using a primarily international approach is that it would make such experienced institutions as the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund the chief agents of policy. It would probably be necessary to create one new agency — an International Development Authority — to cover long-term, low-interest-rate loans which lie outside the scope of the World Bank, but in most other fields an appropriate agency exists already. The new policy itself would probably require no more new machinery than a small permanent steering committee, possibly of the General Assembly, which would work on the same lines as

did the Organization for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC) within the Marshall Plan.

An international approach on these lines does not preclude nations from continuing their own direct aid programs over and above the relatively small sum of one per cent of national income pledged to the international experiment. It interferes in no way with private business arrangements. Rather it encourages them by giving businessmen the assurance of a steadily expanding world economy.

But the international approach does play an indispensable part in what may well be the new policy's most vital aspect. So long as any scheme or strategy can be twisted to represent nothing more than Western patronage or largess or, worse still, Western self-interest and self-defense, it will fail in its most urgent aim — that of projecting new ideas, new possibilities, and new visions into our confused and searching world. What the new program should represent, at the deepest level of meaning, is the recognition by the Western powers of their solidarity with the human race.

Nothing is harder to project. For three hundred years we in the West have ridden roughshod over the world and have emerged from this dominance wealthy beyond most people's dreams and with an unhealthy reputation for racial arrogance and cultural complacency. All this — which is the staple of Communist propaganda — represents a formidable obstacle to human communication and hence to the projection of Western concepts of a free society, of law, of private initiative, of generosity and justice and personal responsibility. If, however, the central purpose of Western policy were now to work side by side with other peoples in the revolutionary tasks of modernization, sharing experience with them, working out jointly the strategy of progress, matching their labor with capital, opening wide the doors for training and education, then, indeed, the climate of world opinion could be remade and the Western powers might even seem to be what their Christian ethic has always told them they should be — united among themselves and bound by a common spirit of brotherhood to all mankind.

# AN ATLANTIC ACHIEVEMENT

For six years  
England's First Lady of Letters, Dame Edith Sitwell,  
has been at work on this definitive anthology



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THE ATLANTIC BOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETRY is the projection of a master reader and a practising poet. In a book which is a labor of love as well as of scholarship Dame Edith Sitwell has brought together within the covers of one magnificent volume the best of poetry in English, from the

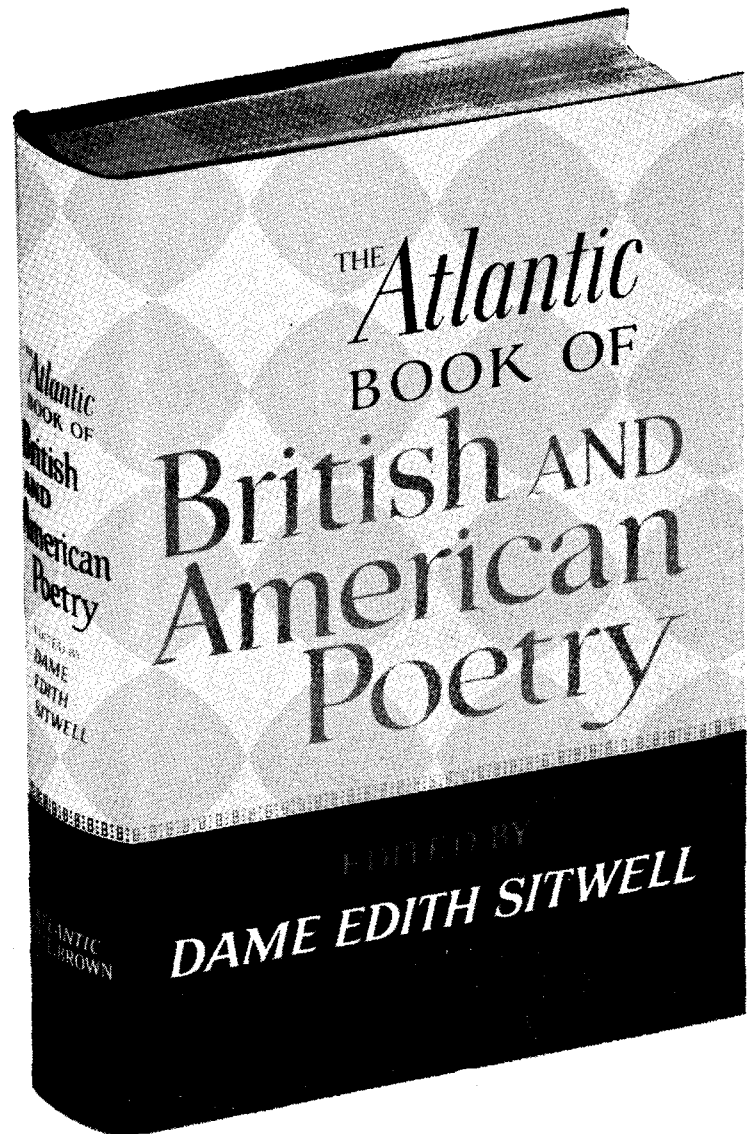
earliest pre-Chaucerian lyrics to the British and American poets of the 1950's.

Why is there need for a new anthology, and in what way does the ATLANTIC BOOK stand apart from all others? Dame Edith has discarded a number of Victorians and also certain quaint monuments of the 18th century who have turned to wood in older anthologies. In the space thus gained she has accorded John Donne, Andrew Marvell and Christopher Smart, to name but three, a more comprehensive and sympathetic presentation than they have elsewhere enjoyed.

In her selection of the Early Secular and Early Religious Poems which antedate Chaucer, and in the choice of ballads, Dame Edith has brought to light beauties which take on fresh meaning through her arrangement. Shakespeare naturally commands the most space, and her selections from the plays, the sonnets and the lyrics are copious and discerning. Her admiration for Milton, for Dryden and for Pope is revealed both in what she says about them in her prefaces and in the passages she has selected. The classic translations by T. S. Eliot, Arthur Waley and Roy Campbell are a deserved addition.

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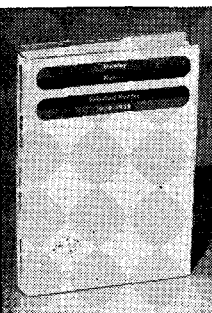
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*At no time in our past has the ATLANTIC received as many poems as are now submitted to us. They are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens and which often burns most brightly in the undergraduate years. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, we have set aside each year a number of pages in our February and August issues to be devoted to the work of young poets.*



## ELEGY

BY ROBERT A. ROSENTHAL

Mourning the deaths of heroes he could never forgive  
For dying, mourning their crimson standards blached mauve,  
The lances lying on the turf, mourning the green grass  
For its brown dying, the past for its damp compass  
And slow decaying, mourning at last his dirge's death  
Among denying winds, he found himself bereft  
Of grief as he had been of love, of even the brusque  
Recital of love.

    In fields where lay the husks  
Of his affection he vowed to seek less transient stuff,  
The graven word, the sculptured phrase defying grief,  
Transforming love's eroded face to lasting image.  
But if all flesh were grass and feeling pale umbrage  
Of grass, then each vaunted image, each cherished  
Word became the shade of the shade of grass, to perish  
Like a firefly after fitful life and brief semblance  
Of hope.

    The field recedes from him. Remembrance  
Fades. Names become the cries of gulls, words the coarse  
Whispers of the sea. His sight dims. He cannot force  
Her face to light. Blind man in a field of mines,  
He cannot move, lest his artifacts explode him.  
At dawn the wild geese cry but he cannot hear them.  
At dusk the lovers pass but he cannot touch them.  
Though the winds, spent, subside, his voice will not be heard.  
Having lost once a song he has now done with words.



## THE WRONG SELF

BY JANICE FARRAR WEEKS

This morning, counting my assorted selves,  
I found one that I'd never seen before —  
A little worn and dusty from the shelves  
Of id and ego, where it used to snore.

My novel self was somewhat less assured  
Than those I flaunt from birth- to Easter-day.  
In fact, my other selves were not allured  
By this reclaimed and ugly stowaway.

But I (and what is "I" at such odd times)  
Put on the self, all patched and slightly torn.  
I sipped a sour and talked about my rimes,  
And suddenly, like Keats, I was forlorn.

## THE MOVING MAN

BY SEAN LUCY

In the unharnessed dark the plowman stands,  
On the bare hill against the dying sky.  
Empty of his trade his heavy hands.

Ignorant, strong, and alone, he stands steady above  
The valley where the comfortable farmsteads lie,  
His heart already journeying, and his face  
Ugly with extreme and unfathomable love.

Concerned now only with now, he has forgotten  
That once his gray body was satisfied with sun,  
That once his heart was held by that deep valley's pattern  
Where nine tall hazels stand and brown waters run.

The godchild of humility,  
Creature of labor and man of earth,  
Grown slowly strange with strong reality,  
Come by toil and starvation to an astonishing rebirth,

He turns away in joy, in the leathery strength of his age,  
Turns his back on the low lights' promise and dream  
Of body's barter and mind's merchandise.

In the hills of night, with the weather cold from the West,  
Percy Plowman with the bald eyebrows  
Makes long strides over dark furrows  
Toward the gates of Paradise.

# THE DRIFTING MAN

BY SEAN LUCY

Little Johnny-go-to-God  
Lacked opportunity:  
He filled his drawers with paper dreams  
From his mother's knee;

His nights were full of wonderings  
On unlikely chances,  
And when he woke he wandered  
Through endless circumstances.

How shall poor Johnny  
With his bleak silly brain  
Taste Heaven's honey  
Or suffer eternal pain?

His mind is an old weak-eyed man  
Dressed in tatters and rags  
Collecting rusty wheels and cans  
And books in hessian bags.

When shall little Johnny  
Find his way home to Heaven  
Since work doesn't end till half past four  
And he may read till eleven?

Drugs are his staple diet,  
Though he leads a clean life,  
Though his manners are nice and quiet  
And he loves his wife.

Confusion of events and dreams  
Darkens the light of day,  
The twilight teems  
With truths that got away.

The mansions of Paradise  
Stand in a real place;  
Johnny lacks reality  
Of God's grace.

Overdraft and nightmare  
Call to decay:  
Little Johnny-facts-and-dreams  
Is in a bad way.

Wrap his body in a shroud,  
Call his brother, thin Percy,  
Kneel down together and shout aloud  
For Christ to have mercy.



# MY FIRST BOSS

BY RALPH MCGILL

*A square-cut, powerful Georgian, RALPH MCGILL has long been respected as one of the most forthright and liberal editors. His editorials in the Atlanta CONSTITUTION, his unsparing commitment to the improvement of race relations, his belief that his place is in the South, not in the North or Middle West, which have made him many a tempting offer — these are evidence of his integrity. This account of his first job is a reminder of a reciprocal trust which the South cannot afford to destroy.*

EARLY in 1919 the war-swollen U.S. Marine Corps notified its "duration" enlisted men that those who planned to return to school could apply for discharge on that basis. Certain papers of recommendation and, I believe, an oath of intent had to be provided. Mine was filed, declaring a purpose to return to Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee, where I had been a freshman at the time of enlistment, and I was discharged about mid-March.

It was too late to enter spring term, but I went to Nashville and arranged to be on hand in September. I also applied for a student loan and put my name on the list of those who would need part-time jobs. After a brief visit with former classmates, I went on to my home at Chattanooga.

There, through my father's assistance, I got a job. It was one about which I often find myself thinking today, as the deep-South racial tensions, fanned by unreasoning fanaticism and exploited recklessly and cynically by politicians, take on preposterous proportions. I was the only white member of the working crew with which I had a job, and the foreman was, of course, a Negro. I worked with him from late March through August, and it was a pleasant and rewarding summer.

My father was a minor officer and sales manager of a small heating and roofing company in Chattanooga. The approaching recession of 1920 was beginning to be felt, and there were not many summer jobs. I wanted one which would be out-of-doors hard work, as in the fall I intended to try for the football team. After three days of job hunting my father looked at my discouraged face and said, "One of the roofing crews is short a man."

"Could I have it?" I asked.

"It's Charlie's," he said. "You mind working under him?"

"No," I said, "Charlie's fine."

The real rough work of roofing was done by Negroes, with white sheet-metal workers doing the flashing, gutter, and ventilating jobs. Charlie I knew rather well. He had been with the company a long time, and I had been seeing him around for years when I would go by to see my father. In elementary and secondary school years I frequently rode the two miles from our suburb to the Chattanooga Carnegie Library for books, and I'd always drop by the company office before the journey home.

Charlie White was a humpbacked man, quite black, of indeterminate age. He must have been in his early sixties. His arms, I suppose, were no longer than average, but because of his hump, which caused him to seem to be thrown forward in posture, the arms dangled and appeared, at least to my boy's eyes, abnormally long. Despite his deformity he had powerful arms and was as agile as anyone else. He had a deeply lined face and an almost aquiline nose. His bright, quizzical eyes gave him a quaint, almost elfin look. I remembered that the first time I saw him, years before, I was startled by a sort of coincidence. I had just finished reading *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and when I walked to the back of the shop and saw Charlie, I was, for a moment, almost afraid. But then he came over and asked me who I was, and I saw he was just a kind man with a humped back. On days of heavy rain the roofing crews would come into the shop, and Charlie, when he saw me

there, would always have some pleasant word with me. So, when my father said it would be Charlie's crew, I told him it would be fine. He nodded and added, "You'll come in with me early tomorrow."

In these last several years of tensions I have tried hard to recollect any rationalization I may have gone through about working with a Negro roofing crew. I have been unable to recall any. Now and then, in the weeks that followed my going on the job, the president and chief owner of the company, a smug sort of man who wore a collar later to be made famous by Herbert Hoover, would see us come in from an early finish on a job. Two or three times he stopped me and said, "How are you and Charlie getting on?" "Fine," I'd say. I recall he had a somewhat questioning look on his face. It never occurred to me that he was probing for some answer about how it felt to be working with, and under the direction of, a Negro.

Certainly I was asking myself no questions on that first morning when I went down to begin the job. We — my parents and I — were from east Tennessee farm backgrounds and Scottish and Welsh ancestry. We were strict Presbyterians, with prayers at meals and Bible reading at night. On the farm, from which we had moved to Chattanooga, any house help we had was from the white tenants on the place. I did not see a Negro until I was six years old. I was never taught any prejudice about them since that was not according to Scripture. I knew, in school, of course, that many boys thought otherwise, but somehow it always seemed some problem of their own.

So I wasn't bothered when I went to work. Nor was I troubled during that pleasant summer, though the work was dirty and hard and often exhausting.

Charlie was waiting by the old Ford truck, and three Negro men, all older than I, were standing nearby talking. The truck was loaded with shingle-width bales of composition roofing, ladders, sections of gutters, sheets of galvanized iron, and two fire pots of the kind used by sheet-metal workers to heat their soldering irons. The talk was desultory. Charlie teased me a bit, saying that he doubted if a college boy could do the work without "white-eying," a phrase used to describe being overcome by heat. I told him that once, when I was about thirteen and was spending the summer back on my grandmother's farm, I had white-eyed pitching hay into a loft on a very hot

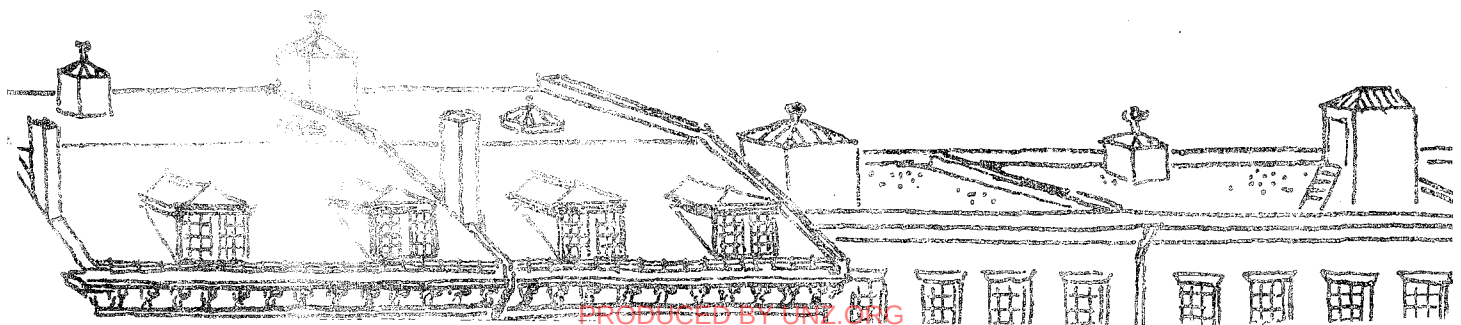
afternoon. My uncle had told me the phrase had come into use because when a person collapsed from the heat the eyes rolled back until only the whites showed. Charlie asked me a few questions, and I told him I wanted to get my legs and back in shape for football. He chuckled and said, "Imagine that." I went on to tell him I had played guard as a freshman and explained how important it was for a lineman to have good legs. He found this amusing, chuckling over it. And I guess, in retrospect, he had a right to be amused.

The first job was to roof a new house, a single-story one and not too large. Charlie backed the truck up close by the house. Then he and two of the other Negroes put up two ladders, tied on carpenters' aprons with pockets for the roofing nails, filled them about half full, took their hammers and heavy scissors, and went up to the roof. The third Negro, the youngest, and I were to carry the baled shingles up the ladders to the roof as they were needed. It looked simple. One balanced a bundle on a shoulder and, holding it lightly with the finger tips, climbed on up with it. One of the men had such a fine sense of balance he could go right up without putting a hand to the load until he was at the top and had to put it on the roof. But for me, it was difficult. The bundle bit into my shoulder, and the roughness of the edges chafed my neck and cheek. On the first trip up I almost fell backward with it. But I persevered. I knew they, and especially Charlie, were watching me.

They may have had some questions about my willingness to do a full share of work. And Charlie, though he never said so, must have thought I was a fool talking about working to strengthen my legs. Late that day he said to me, as I started to climb, "This sorta thing will help yo' legs." I looked down at him, but his face was impassive. That night when we came in, Charlie walked over with me toward my father, who was looking at us inquiringly. "This young man," he said, "he is goin' to be a *good* helper, yes, sir, a good one."

I think I was. I began to look forward to the days and my ride out to the jobs beside Charlie. We talked endlessly. At noon we ate our packages of lunch together. He talked to me about the trade of roofing as if he believed I would follow it. He had a strong, honest pride in his work because he was expert at it.

The worst part of the work for me was the tar and gravel roofs. They meant pulling up huge





buckets of gravel and smaller ones of pitch with block and rope. The "cooker," a dirty monster coated with glistening tar spilled on it from past jobs, had to be set up, fired, and filled with lumps of tar cut from their containers.

The roof first had to be covered with a composition material which had a feltlike texture and smelled of tar. It came in rolls. Once it was down, the whole thing was covered with hot pitch, spread with mops. In the worst rags of old work shoes to be found, our feet wrapped in sacking, we toiled like demons in the smoke and heat, spreading the hot pitch. There could be no delay. Nor could the pitch be too thin or too thick. Charlie, a hunched, black Mephistopheles with his own mop, tarred and sticky, was everywhere, directing here, giving a spot there a needed touch. The gravel had to be spread into the first coating of still soft tar. And that, too, was fast and demanding. And then came another pouring and spreading of tar. It was furious, backbreaking, arm-wearing work, and the heat was sometimes dreadful. But none of us white-eyed, not even in August when the thermometer was around ninety-five in the shade.

By midsummer I realized I had become very fond of Charlie and he of me. Neither of us expressed it, but we knew that each of us understood. Two or three times when we were too late getting in from some distant job to go into the shop, which would be closed, Charlie took me to his house. His wife was a large, motherly woman who always had a pitcher of iced tea and graham crackers waiting. They had no children. We'd sit on Charlie's small front porch, with the summer dusk about us, and drink the tea, grateful for the end of the day and the departure of the sun. There were houses crowded close on either side, and their occupants, too, were on the porches seeking coolness. It always seemed to me that Charlie talked a little louder than usual, to be sure they would hear. He would talk of the job, and he never failed to brag mightily about me, declaring I was the best helper a man could have. I had caught on quick, he vowed, and could make a good roofer if I wanted to. He never mentioned my legs, after the first day, and I was grateful for that.

In my last week on the job we both began to talk sadly of my quitting to go off to school at Nashville. I, of course, was eager but had a real regret at parting with him. He knew I had to have a job there and that I would borrow some money. I had explained the student loan system. He worried, as did I, that I hadn't saved more out of my pay. He was inclined to blame my spending habits on my having been in the Marines.

There were to be two or three days between my quitting and my departure on the Dixie Flyer. It

came through around midnight, and Charlie insisted he would bring the old truck out and take me and my trunk down to the station. He came about ten thirty. My parents and I were sitting on the front porch, waiting. Charlie was wearing a neat, dark suit of what certainly was not summer material. He spoke to my mother in an old-fashioned Chesterfieldian manner, and then he and I carried the trunk out and into the truck. He waited there while I went back and bade my parents good-by.

I climbed into the familiar front seat, with the old smell of tarred composition roofing about it, and we went to the station, saying little. We checked the trunk and then stood outside talking, since the waiting rooms were segregated. Mostly we recollected amusing things about some of the jobs and some of the near-accidents.

The train came, backing in as it did at Chattanooga's old Union Station, and it was time to go. We walked over by the gates. I looked at him and he at me. Suddenly he moved up and put his arms around me and I put mine about him, feeling, with a sort of shock, the hard thrust of the hump on his back. "Don't forget me," he said. "I'll never forget you, Charlie," I said. "You are one of the finest men I've ever known."

He stepped back, reached in his inside coat pocket, and took out an envelope.

"Don't you open this till you get on the train," he said, "and it's out of the station."

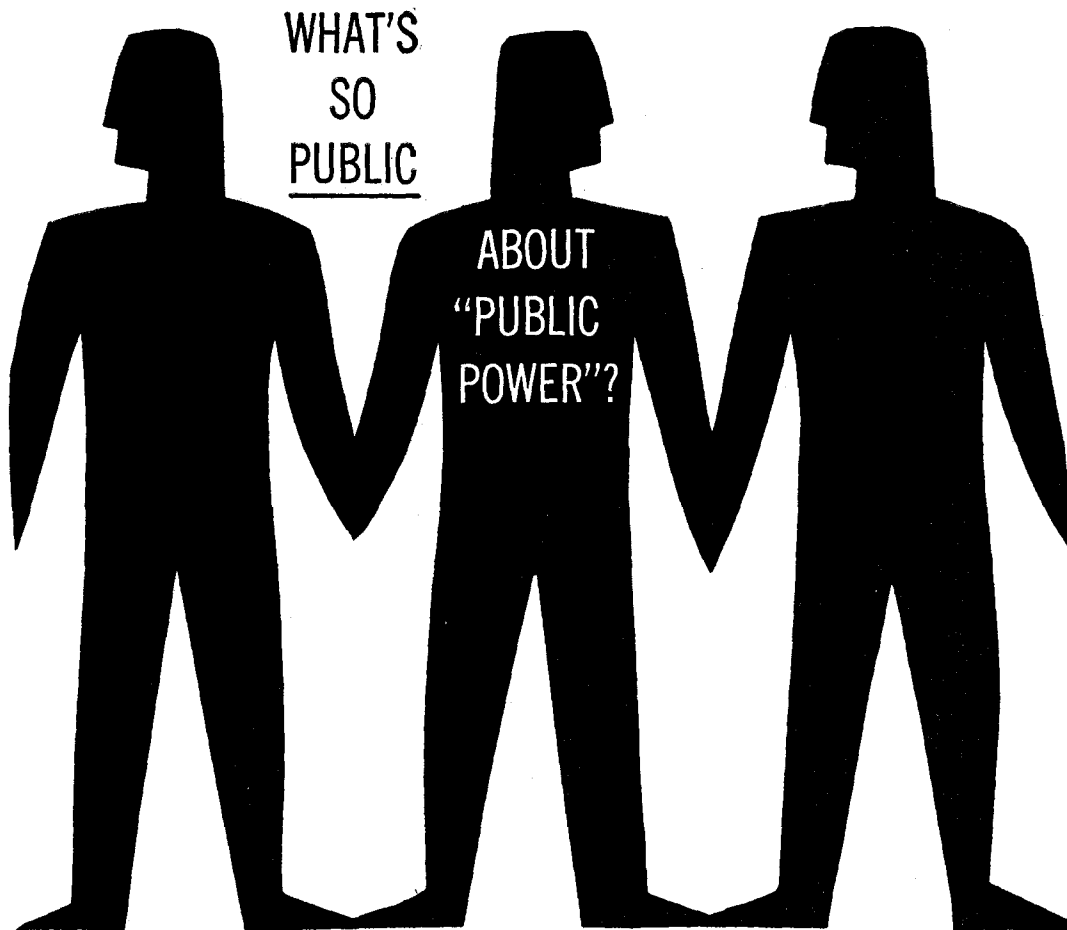
We shook hands, with the people who were waiting for arrivals looking on curiously, and I turned so he wouldn't see my eyes and walked hurriedly up the train to my car.

When the train was out of the station, I opened the envelope. There was a folded five-dollar bill and a scrawled note. "For my helper to spend at school," it read. It was then I wept.

I wrote Charlie and thanked him, and later I wrote him about making the first football squad. I told him the legs were strong from climbing ladders. My father wrote me that Charlie read the letters to his crew and made his new helper, a young Negro, unhappy with stories of his college helper.

During the Christmas holidays I went to see him, disturbed to hear he had been sick during November with pneumonia but had gone to work. He was bright and gay and pleased with the present I had brought. His wife had baked a chocolate cake for me.

In January I had a letter from my father. Charlie had gone home ill again and had died two days later of a second attack of pneumonia. I sat there in the fraternity house room, remembering him with his arms tight about me at the station and hearing him say, "Don't forget me."



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# Over the Bridge

BY ROBERT W. MORGAN, JR.

*A graduate of Harvard, ROBERT W. MORGAN, JR., worked for the Associated Press in Buffalo for a year and a half and then joined the staff of the Boston GLOBE, where he has been a news editor and reporter. He became interested in the problem of Negro housing when he went to Roxbury to get a story for the GLOBE.*

BOSTON and its suburbs encompass some of the most beautiful residential areas in the world, from Beacon Hill outward through Marblehead and Essex County on the North Shore, Cohasset on the South Shore, and inland through suburban towns like Wellesley and Concord. In these quiet, Northern communities racial tensions are virtually nonapparent. Boston's Negro population still is relatively small. For these reasons, it is possible to get closer to some of the little-known aspects of housing segregation here than elsewhere in the North. And the ugly dilemmas posed by housing segregation are the same in Boston as they are in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Los Angeles, or Philadelphia.

In this city, where Americans first fought for freedom, where the slavery abolitionist movement flourished, and where William Lloyd Garrison published *The Liberator*, housing is segregated about 90 per cent. Most of Boston's fifty-five thousand Negroes are living in substandard dwell-

ings in a single overcrowded section of the city, no matter what rent they are able to pay. What integration there is has occurred largely in public housing projects.

It should be added that this situation is the result of the volition of Negroes as well as whites, of tenants as well as landlords, and that there are now operating in Boston partial solutions to the problems here raised.

An astonishing number of Bostonians are unaware of exactly what goes on in the Roxbury section of their city. They know that the newspapers report a lot of fires and a lot of crime in that area. White people who go to Symphony Hall know that if they happen to drive two or three blocks south looking for parking space, they suddenly enter what they call the Negro district. Outside of this, the 77-block stretch from City Hospital southwest to Franklin Park is a mystery.

There is a place not far from the center of the city, for example, called Madison Park. It is a

*Etching by Reginald Marsh. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.*



desolate spot, overgrown with witch grass and tall weeds. When I visited this neighborhood for the first time, I had a hard time believing I was still in Boston. The only noise came from a wrecker demolishing a row of condemned buildings along one side of the park, and on another occasion from the echoing shouts of a group of children playing tag around the rusted remains of an iron fence. There was no traffic at all, which was fortunate because the streets were covered with crushed brick and broken glass.

The largest building on the park was a four-story brick tenement which used to be a hotel. One of the end walls, instead of being flat, had become slightly saddle shaped. It was as though a gigantic hand had taken the top of the building and given it a gentle twist. Holes showed throughout the façades of the structure. By following with the eye the horizontal line of the bricks, I could see that one corner of the building had dropped several inches.

Inside, the most noticeable thing was the almost overpowering stench of dank decay. One of the main stairways had been partially burned and had never been repaired. There was no front door, but only a gaping hole onto the street, so that during the winter the interior of the building was always cold. Why didn't someone install a new front door? It wouldn't do any good, the tenants insisted. There were so many other holes that the building would have been cold anyway.

The four floors were occupied by forty families. For the privilege of living in this dilapidated slum, the tenants were paying incredible amounts of money, in some cases as much as \$90 a month. "Our rent is \$30 a month," one of them told me. "During the winter, fuel for the oil heater and coal for the kitchen stove come to as much as \$15 a week. I keep the stove going all day long. It's the only heat we get back there."

At that rate, I suggested, they could afford to pay something like \$60 a month rent the year round for a better place to live. "Sixty?" said one tenant. "Maybe more. Maybe \$70. But we can't find a better place."

How many apartments had they looked at? The woman thought a moment. "Four," she said. Was that all? Was she still looking? "I'm still going to look at some others. None of the ones I looked at were any better than this."

Would they consider looking outside the Roxbury area?

"Oh, no," she said. This woman's husband was an employee in good standing at a large sugar refinery, the personnel department at the plant told me later, and his salary over the past three years had averaged \$75 a week.

Before leaving, I made a brief inspection of the

basement. Because there was no central heating, the basement consisted merely of a dark air space full of dirt and junk. I heard water running down one of the walls. I struck a match, but was unable to find out where the water was coming from.

You can interpret these facts any way you please, but one thing, I think, is inescapable: if these people were members of a white family prepared to pay \$70 a month rent, they would not have been living in a place like this. They would not even have set foot in such a place.

FOR many slum Negroes the best hope is admission to one of the publicly financed housing projects. I accompanied State Representative Lincoln G. Pope, Jr., on a visit to a basement apartment on Tremont Street, from which the family was to move shortly into one of these projects. This building had a front door that wouldn't open. It was necessary to go next door, ascend a flight of steps, go down a hall, and descend a flight of steps.

"How do you heat this place?" I asked the tenant.

"There's no heat here," she said.

"What do you do on a cold winter night?"

"I leave the kitchen stove on."

The woman, who had four children, was expecting another child in a matter of weeks. Representative Pope assured them they would be out of that apartment within two weeks and into the project.

"Are you sure?" asked the woman. She sat down and seemed to look off into space. After a few moments, she started to say, "I'm so happy. I'm so happy." She said it again and again. Presently one of the children went over to see why his mother was crying.

Slums exist, of course, for white people as well as for Negroes. It is apparent, however, that landlords are using the various aspects of segregation to exploit their tenants.

Colored families moving into apartments formerly occupied by whites along the fringes of the Negro district normally pay \$20 a month more than the previous occupants. Where the white tenant paid \$45 to \$50, Negroes pay \$65 to \$70. There are instances in Upper Roxbury of Negroes paying \$75 to \$80 a month rent for unheated apartments.

"Rent is overall too high for these people," I was told by the Reverend Samuel L. Laviscount of St. Mark's Congregational Church in Roxbury. "Absentee ownership makes it very difficult. Sometimes you can't find out who the real owner of a piece of property is. Some company or some intermediate is listed as the owner of record."

In spite of obstacles like this, Boston has made a start on cleaning up its slums. Under a variety of programs, it is condemning slum properties and is tearing the buildings down. Land has been taken for new highways and public housing, and the city is empowered to seize any building it considers dangerous. In 1956, the city adopted a lengthy housing code in order to qualify for federal urban renewal funds.

The code precisely defines a substandard dwelling, or what it calls "minimum standards of fitness for human habitation in the City of Boston." The section on heating, for example, provides that every dwelling shall have the facilities to heat "all habitable rooms . . . to a temperature of at least 70 degrees Fahrenheit under ordinary minimum winter conditions."

Using this code, the city health department has condemned and demolished more than two hundred Roxbury dwellings in the past two years. One city official predicts that within ten years the entire central section of the district will be leveled. He would not estimate how many people this would dislodge, but the number might run into many thousands. Under some renewal programs the city is required to help relocate these people; under others, it is not. Frequently, evicted slum dwellers, white or Negro, frustrate relocation efforts by moving in with friends and relatives nearby until those buildings are also condemned, at which time they will move again, but no further than is necessary.

Needless to say, there is not enough available housing in the city, public or private, to accommodate thousands of displaced Negroes. Demolition of the slums is a tremendous step forward, and one from which the city has no alternative. Nevertheless, it only aggravates the growing dilemma of segregation in housing, particularly as more and more Negroes move up from the South. If the Negroes are deprived of the places where they are living, then where are they to go?

**A** NEGRO veteran of the Korean War returned to Boston in 1954 and answered some fifty newspaper ads for apartments outside the Roxbury-South-End area. All turned him down. This man is now living in Roxbury.

"After the Korean War," he told me, "I enrolled at Northeastern University. I was also engaged to be married. I thought I could find a place to live in the Back Bay area, near the university. I answered about a dozen ads for apartments, going in person. Most of the landlords would see me and say something like, 'I'm sorry. The place has just been rented.' One man told me straight

out he didn't rent to Negroes. Then about a week later I would see the same apartment-for-rent ads appearing in the papers again. Same wording. Same addresses."

To test the veteran's story, I myself put in phone calls answering a number of newspaper ads for apartments in Brighton, Belmont, Arlington, and on Beacon Hill. I would allow the person answering the call to describe the apartment briefly. Then I would ask if there was any objection to renting to a Negro.

In most cases the person with whom I was talking would suddenly remember a third party who had to be consulted, and would I please call back? Sometimes this third party was out to lunch, or at work, or showing an apartment. When I called back, the place in question would be rented.

In one case, an agent said, "I'm sorry. But in that area the landlord wouldn't stand for it. I'm very sorry." This was a three-room apartment in Brighton renting for \$85.

A Belmont woman described a three-room apartment to me at some length. Then I asked her if she had any objections to renting to a Negro.

"Well, the Negroes fought in the war the same as the white fellows," she said. "I have no objection. But there's somebody coming tonight to rent the apartment."

One woman said she had no objection to renting to a Negro at all. This was a \$100 apartment on Beacon Hill.

For the Negro living in Roxbury, buying a house in the suburbs presents the same sort of problems as does renting an apartment in the city. Scores of Negroes working in plants outside Greater Boston — and particularly the skilled workers and trained engineers at the many electronics plants that have sprung up at a distance of fifteen to twenty miles outside the city — find themselves obliged to commute from Roxbury.

A woman living in Roxbury and teaching at a private school outside Boston decided one day to answer an ad for a house in suburban Milton. She phoned the realtor, who suggested she meet him outside Milton High School to save time. When she drove up, the agent was waiting in his car. He came over and suggested she drive with him to see the house, so she got out of her car and they walked a few steps together, the realtor describing the property.

Suddenly he stopped dead in his tracks and said, "Oh. I didn't know . . ."

"What didn't you know?" the woman asked.

The agent was very embarrassed. Finally he said, "Well, this is an all-white neighborhood."

The woman said, "I'm not interested in the neighborhood. I'm interested in the house."



"I'm afraid the people would be rude to you," the agent said.

"That would be my problem," the woman answered. "Let's go and see the house."

He did not move. After a moment, he said, "I'll be honest with you. I cannot sell a house in this neighborhood to a Negro."

The woman said, "All right, show me a house in another neighborhood."

The agent, one of the leading real estate men in town, turned red "to the roots of his hair," as the woman put it later, and said, "I just can't show you a thing."

The house in question was selling for \$18,000. The woman said that she and her husband could have bought one of several houses near the school where she teaches, through the influence of people at the school, but that these were all much too expensive for them.

This is pretty much the story throughout Boston's suburbs. The realtors present a united front. Occasionally Negroes do succeed in buying a house through an agency, but only if it lies outside a price range of roughly \$12,000 to \$30,000. This means that Negroes can buy into some of the cheaper developments; sometimes they can buy an undesirable house that otherwise has proved unsalable; sometimes they can buy rather expensive homes in the very high-class suburbs, although Negroes rarely have that much money.

Occasionally a Negro succeeds in buying a home directly through the owner. A year ago basketball star Bill Russell of the Boston Celtics was driving along one of the express highways outside the city when he saw a "for sale" sign. He went in, found the owner eager to sell, and made a deal. By and large, relations with the neighbors have been excellent, the Russells report. Mrs. Russell is active in the Methodist Church and women's group activities. "I am thinking of building a new house one of these days, and it will be here in Reading," Bill Russell said. There are two other Negro families in the town.

An art dealer in Newton bought his \$17,000 home from another Negro six years ago. "People here are very, very fine," he told me. "The banks are wonderful. They will do anything for you. My kids are the only colored kids in the school."

"If the sign says 'deal with owner,' the owner will sell," his wife added. "If an agent is selling, you might as well save your dime."

Some Negroes have been able to buy land in the suburbs and build. "We have had wonderful cooperation from our neighbors," the owner of a new \$15,000 home in Tewksbury told me. "And from the bank, too. It's a bad situation in Roxbury. Too crowded. Things go on in crowded neighborhoods. I like it here."

And a Negro who built a home in Lexington eight years ago told me, "We have had no trouble from the start. Since we moved out here, our luck has changed completely. The smartest thing I ever did was to get out of Roxbury."

The public apparently has three notions about what happens when a Negro family moves into a suburban community:

1. There will be trouble in the neighborhood.
2. Property values will decline.

3. The entry of one Negro family will bring an influx of many more Negroes into the area, so that the whites will find themselves outnumbered.

In cases where Negroes have succeeded in moving into the Boston suburbs, the overwhelming evidence is that none of these things happen.

Since Governor Faubus began holding forth in Arkansas, residents of three Boston communities — Natick, Newton, and Wellesley — have taken a close look at discrimination in their own towns and have set up what they call Fair Housing Practices Committees. The aims of these committees are to persuade persons selling homes to list them with the committees on an open occupancy basis and also to educate neighborhoods about the myths that have sprung up relative to home ownership by Negroes and other minority groups.

A couple of months ago, I was sitting in an apartment in Roxbury talking to a gentleman in his sixties, who reminded me of the late actor Lewis Stone. Seemingly completely relaxed in a large armchair, he turned a lighted cigar slowly in his fingers and talked in a detached way about the run-down condition of the building in which he was living, the presence of rats, the high rent.

"I'm a Negro," he said. There was no visible evidence that he was a Negro. "Last year, I made another attempt to go over the bridge." He explained that the New Haven Railroad right of way cuts through Boston to the southwest and that there are only a few bridges across this canyon. The Massachusetts Avenue bridge, near Boston's Symphony Hall, connects the Back Bay area with Roxbury. One side of the tracks is white, and the other is Negro.

"A lot of Negroes would like to go over the bridge," he continued. "Get away from the tenements, the leaking roofs, the rats, the unheated apartments. I answered an ad, took the apartment, paid a month's rent. Then I went back there with my wife. Well, the landlord took one look at her and raised the roof. So I took back my money and we left. What's the use of making an issue?"

His wife was sitting next to him. He smiled at her and took one of her hands in his. Unlike his own, the skin of her hands was coal black.

# NEXT THING WAS KANSAS CITY

BY **BRIAN MOORE**

*A native of Belfast, Ireland, who now lives in Montreal, BRIAN MOORE is a most promising and powerful young novelist. His first book, THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE, was chosen by the New York TIMES as one of the ten outstanding novels of 1956. His second, THE FEAST OF LUPERCAL, was equally well received, and he is now at work on his third.*

THE young fellow nodded his big bony head, remembering; eager to tell because it was still so great, so new. He leaned across the table, yellow-stained fingers circling his tot of rye. "So I said to myself, I'm a newspaperman, I mean what am I doing in this circus? And right then and there, Joe, I decided to quit their lousy magazine. In the middle of the night, sitting in my brand-new office, drinking. Can you imagine? So I had another drink, and then I had an idea. I went into Kinneally's office and got this filing cabinet — this great jeezly filing cabinet he kept all his genius ideas in — and I hauled it over to the window, hoisted it up on the sill, and *boing!* Right down into the street."

Joseph Cullen focused his watering eyes on the young fellow. "Good for you," he said.

"Six stories down," the young fellow said. "Ker-ash!" He shook his big bony head, rueful, remembering his proud rebellion, tolerant of his terrible folly. "So then I went back into my own office and finished the bottle. And waited for the cops. After all, even at night, if you throw a steel filing cabinet right into the middle of Manhattan you expect some reaction, don't you?"

Joe nodded his white, well-brushed head. "Goddam right," he said. "I remember one time here in Montreal, when —"

"So the cops came up. And next morning we had the drum roll, the tumbrel, the works. Kinneally, he was the big wheel, the executive editor, you see, he was waiting for me when I came in."

Yes, yes, Joe remembered. Firings, well, he could tell this kid a thing or two, why once the biggest publisher on the West Coast fired him right in the middle of a story, why —

"So he called me into his office, sat me down, looked at me as if I was a human bomb or something. Said: Leo, we've got no room for wild men in this organization. You're good, but nobody's indispensable here. Now, I feel personally responsible for you because I was the one brought you down from Canada. But I'll be goddammed if I'll take the rap for this crazy stuff. You made a big mistake, Leo, if you thought — *Wait* a minute, I said. Last night was no mistake. I meant it. Well, he drew back as if I had a gun on me or something. Okay, okay, he said. Forget it. And here, he said. This is for you. Severance."

The young fellow paused, pursed his lips in doughnut shape and put the rye in like a draught of medicine. His baby-blue eyes opened wide as though he were coming up from under water. "So I looked at the check. It was for one thousand dollars. Can you imagine? *One-thousand-bucks.*"

"Bro-therr," Joe said. He doubted it about the thousand bucks, but still, this kid was all right. He had that old-time spirit. Wreck the joint, that was the way. Let them see you didn't give a damn. Of course, when you were young it was easier to —

"So the next thing you know I was over on Lexington Avenue buying drinks for my fellow wage slaves. What a party — I mean it just went on and on and on. After the first five hours I had



a complete blackout. And the next thing, Joe, well the next thing was Kansas City. I woke up in this airport. It was Wednesday morning. I said to the counter clerk, I said, is this Toronto? No, he said. This is Kansas City. But how'd I get here? I said. He said how should he know. Kansas City. I mean, it was just a name to me. I knew nobody there. *Insane*. I went through my pockets and found a hundred and eighty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents. I mean, can you imagine? That was all was left of that grand. So I went back to the reservations counter and I said, listen, I want to get to Toronto. En-oh-double-you, I said. So I put the money on the counter and here I am. Except that you ask, why here? This isn't Toronto. Right. Well, I was a boy wonder in Toronto, and you can't go home again, you know what they say. So when we put down at Chicago I switched reservations and came on to Montreal. Arrived the day before yesterday. Went into your office cold, and met this McAlmon. Right away he put me on rewrite. He'd heard of me, from the old Toronto days."

Memory welled the talk in Joe's throat. "Like me," he said. "Years ago. Woke up one morning on the Pacific Ocean with fifty cents in my pocket. Fifty cents, that's all was left of six months' pay."

He smiled, begging his new friend's attention. Saw the flicker of boredom in the young fellow's eyes and signaled to forestall it, holding his hand aloft, four fingers out, thumb tucked in his palm. A tavern waiter came at once, shoes moving like pistons under his long white apron. He laid four glasses of draught beer on the table. The young fellow reached for one.

But in his excitement Joe had forgotten that he was short. The waiter waited. The young fellow, glass halfway to his lips, saw Joe's uneasy smile.

"Say, could you spot me five until payday, Leo?"

The young fellow lowered his glass. Unwillingly he passed over five.

"Thanks, Leo. Well, this happened during the Depression, when some of the best newspapermen in the country were working as shoe clerks. I got myself a job on a weekly in the British Columbia bush country. Sweated it out there six months, never lifted a drink. Then, one day I collected my pay and headed for Seattle. Met this guy on the bus. He had a bottle of hot wine. You ever try hot wine, Leo?"

Shocked, the young fellow stared at Joe. Hot wine? What was the matter, was he blind or something that he hadn't noticed, hadn't recognized this Cullen for what he was?

Rivers of broken blue veins mapped on the thick red skin of nose and cheeks. Joe's facial tic, irregular, jumping now with the excitement of

drinks and boasts. And the things to hide it: the well-brushed white hair, the neat blue suit, the clean shirt and black tie. Careful neatness, mocked by those minute abrasions, by that tiny jumping fold of flesh in Joe's cheek. God almighty, the young fellow said to himself. Hot wine! Slowly, he shook his head. "No, Joe. I'm a rye and beer man. Strictly."

"You haven't lived, then." Joe's wet lips parted for a long swallow of the golden beer. "Hot wine. You try it sometime, you'll see what I mean. Bad for you, I'm not denying that. But an interesting effect. By the time that bus got to Seattle, why —"

The young fellow, no longer listening, turned baby-blue eyes toward the tavern clock; remembered that deskmen had thirty minutes for supper break; counted forty-five minutes now dead as the empty beer glasses on the table. Would you look at this Cullen, for chrissakes? Corned on a few beers, stinking with the sadness of things past. How many times has this lush been fired? Well, not for me, no sir. Let's get out of here. "Hey, Joe. That desk must be piling up on us. And McAlmon's on the warpath tonight."

"McAlmon?" Joe said. "The hell with him. He's no newspaperman, Leo. Just a teetotal preacher, that's all." His four fingers went aloft in signal. A tray of glasses, cruising high above the heads of the customers, pirouetted, and a waiter came. The young fellow looked up, baby-blue eyes meaningful. The waiter understood, passed by, his tray held high above Joe's white, well-brushed head. Joe did not see: his hand remained up, confident, unanswered.

Then the young fellow stood, saying they'd better move along. Forget it. The service was lousy here, he said. Joe stood too, arm-linking his new friend. In a drunken gesture resembling a salute, he slid his brown fedora far over his eyes. "Lead on, MacDuff."

Outside the tavern, the night wind cut like contempt. Joe stumbled on the step, swayed, turning his jacket collar up. "You know something, Leo?" he said. "The minute you walked into the city room last night I said to Hal Prellis, that guy's okay. I mean, not like those prissy college boys they hire nowadays, mealy-mouth little sonsabitches, scared speechless every time McAlmon opens his yap. Why —"

"Sure, sure." Worried, the young fellow took Joe's arm, steering him toward the editorial lights which brooded insomniac over that business-district slumber. How the hell was he going to get out of this? Second night on a new job, rolling in late with the office rummy. Perhaps he could let old Joe go in ahead of him, pretend he'd just met him in the elevator or something?

But Joe seemed done. He could not budge the revolving door. The young fellow had to shove him through.

"Thanks, Leo. I owe you five, okay? Won't forget, okay? Payday. Y'know, Leo, I was just like you at your age. Real hellion. Those were the days, eh, Leo?"

"Sure, sure." Unobtrusive, the young fellow folded Joe's jacket collar down. Watched the arrow-shaped elevator indicator move around its semicircle, five-four-three-two-one. Stop. The steel door slid open. The paunchy elevator operator grinned at sight of Joe, who yelled: "Going up!" And they went up, one-two-three-four, up with the arrow until Joe shouted: "Stop!"

"Easy, Joe." The baby-blue eyes were nervous. "Easy."

But in the corridor Joe swayed, smiled foolishly, stopped. "Y'know, Leo . . ."

He could not be brought back to work. He needed the washroom, black coffee, a cold wash. And time. But the clock at the entrance to the city room warned: *late*. And there was a light in McAlmon's office. Decided, the young fellow moved ahead in the corridor, away from that drunken, garrulous voice, entered the city room at a half run, alone.

Fluorescent lights blinked down on masses of littered paper, on desks like staggered chessmen, on the horseshoe copy table, ringed by bent heads, suspenders, a field of colored shirts. The young fellow, stripping his jacket as he approached, homed to his empty chair, sat in. Empty chair opposite, Joe Cullen's place. Virtuoso on the typewriter, the young fellow grabbed copy, scanned it, reduced some cub reporting to seventy words. Finished, he ripped the book out, glanced again at Joe's chair. Still vacant.

Joe, hat now pushed back to halo his white hair, had entered the city room. He stood in the danger area, reading a notice on the board outside McAlmon's partitioned-off office. Nervous, the young fellow turned again to his work, grabbed a paste pot, scissored copy in a show of industry.

"Cullen?"

McAlmon, terrible-tempered, black jowls quivering, came out of the doorway marked "Managing Editor." Went straight to the board. "What are you doing, Cullen? Where were you?"

The question, roared, brought silence as an echo. Typewriters stuttered to a stop, heads lifted cautiously, pencils remained poised over dribbling rolls of wire copy.

"You been drinking, Cullen?"

Joe stood by the board, not looking at McAlmon. He did not speak.

Prellis, in charge of rewrite, spectacles opaque against the light, spoke in hushed undertone as

though, by reverence, this quick, brutal authority could be charmed. Cullen had just come back from supper break, he said. Couldn't have been gone more than twenty minutes.

Then Prellis turned opaque, reproachful lenses toward the young fellow. *Were you with him?*

The baby-blue eyes were innocent. *Me? No.*

"He's been drinking, look at him," McAlmon said. "You were drinking, Cullen, weren't you? Last chance. I warned you, didn't I?"

Everyone awaited the denials, the humiliation. Cullen used to be a wild man, but McAlmon had him licked, hadn't he? Joe would crawl.

"Well, Cullen? What you got to say for yourself?"

Joe's hand reached for the wall, gripped the edge of the notice board as he turned to face his tormentor. Deliberately, he yawned.

McAlmon's jowls quivered as though slapped. "Okay. If that's the way you want it, you're fired. Fired, do you hear?"

Again, Joe yawned. McAlmon, the decision made, looked back to the reporters on the floor. Asking approval, knowing in advance it would not be given. A man has to draw the line somewhere. And if Cullen wouldn't defend himself, well . . . A man has to be hard to be respected. In my place, with a last-chance lush like Cullen, what else can I do?

No one told him. But by their silence, they accepted the verdict. The deskmen eyed the new guy. *Who was with Cullen at break? Who let him come in like this?*

But the baby-blue eyes studied worn typewriter keys. *Not me.*

"A'right, Cullen," McAlmon said. "Go on home. You're through."

Head lolling, a dejected Punch, Joe fumbled in his trouser pocket. Took out a dollar bill, inspected it, then raised his right hand above his head, four fingers spread, thumb tucked in his palm. He stared at McAlmon. "Hey, you," he said. "Waiter. Four more."

Laughter blew across the city room. Men stirred appreciatively. Old Joe.

"Get out!" McAlmon roared, restoring fear, freezing the laughter. "Get out and don't come back. Don't even try."

A third time, Joe yawned. Then looked around the room, searching for the man he did it for. Found his new friend. Went over. "Service is lousy, kid. You were right. Let's go."

He waited, puzzled.

"Hey Kansas City, I'm talkin' to you. Come on — we're too good for this teetotal preacher, you and me. What d'you say we wreck the joint?"

He smiled into terrified baby-blue eyes. The Judas smile of love.



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AMERICAN HERITAGE

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A vaquero of early California, by James Walker

August 1958

VOL.  
IX  
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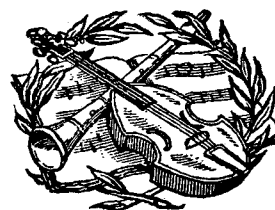
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1958

Each issue, like the one pictured here, is bound in hard covers and measures 8¾" x 11¼". The cover picture is in full color against a lacquered white background.



## MUSIC'S TRADITION OF CONSTANT CHANGE

*Composer, conductor, and music critic of the New York HERALD TRIBUNE for fourteen years, VIRGIL THOMSON was born in Kansas City, graduated from Harvard, and came to his maturity in Paris, where he studied under Nadia Boulanger. He is probably best known in America for his opera FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS and for his symphonies and concertos. A new book about him, VIRGIL THOMSON: HIS LIFE AND MUSIC, by Kathleen Hoover and John Cage, is to be published this month.*



TRADITION" and "change," as words, are so heavily weighted with hopes and fears that it is impossible to describe with them convincingly any moment of time in music's history. Nevertheless, there have been periods so tranquil that one is tempted to believe no major change was taking place, while during others the evolutionary process was so rapid that, to the casual-minded, change rather than tradition might well seem to have been in the saddle.

Take the European nineteenth century, for instance, after the death of Beethoven. The transformation of musical techniques and expression through Weber, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Berlioz, Wagner, Verdi, Moussorgsky, Franck, and Debussy was constant and continuous. At the same time, tradition — the Beethoven tradition — was the basis of musical pedagogy. And none of these composers, not even Debussy, though he complained a little about Beethoven, dreamed of dethroning him as the sun king. On the contrary, they all aspired to contribute to the tradition that had arrived through Beethoven at so splendid a maturity.

Naturally there were both radical and conservative temperaments around; there always are.

Wagner publicized his own music as "the music of the future," implying by this slogan that everybody else's was of the past. And Brahms, with his own consent, was announced by Hanslick as the defender of the classical tradition against Wagner's irresponsible practices. But both Wagner and Brahms were clearly out for inheriting Beethoven's prestige.

A century later, it looks as if both were wrong about themselves too. Wagner's music had its biggest "future" between 1890 and 1910. Since the latter date his popularity has declined steadily and by 75 per cent. His orchestration procedures, however, his chromatic harmony, his German declamation, and his symphonico-dramatic textures are still studied in conservatories. Brahms, on the other hand, has enjoyed ever since his death in 1897 a rising incidence of performance, so that today he ranks at the box office second only to Beethoven himself.

There is really no equating the radical with the progressive and the conservative with the reactionary. Saint-Saens, a conservative type himself, strengthened French music by introducing from Germany the use of sonata form, whereas Richard Strauss, for all his apparent radicalism





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of style and subject, added very little that is usable today either to the German tradition or to modernism in general. All that one can be sure of, between 1827 and 1914, is that change was rapid and that tradition — the classical tradition of Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven — was firmly respected everywhere. Both tradition and change, indeed, were so strongly entrenched that their representatives could not afford *not* to cooperate. And this is how our century came to assume that the musical tradition creates by its own nature a climate of constant variation in no way destructive to the noble mountains of the past or erosive to the fertile valleys of the present. The truth of this belief is not demonstrable. But its widespread acceptance in our time has assured modern music a hearing and has tended, moreover, to associate the sacred concept “progressive” with any music that bears any aspect of technical novelty.

The fifty years that ended with Beethoven's death were probably the first period in Western music's whole history that produced a body of work clearly visible to the immediate heirs of it as a classical repertory. Music, for the first time ever, had become a major art. And if in the century succeeding, German music followed a normal pattern of decay through gigantism, loss of muscular tone, and general decalcification, Italy nevertheless enjoyed from Rossini through Puccini a rejuvenation of the opera, in Russia secular music was born and came to a striking maturity, and France, from Berlioz through Debussy, experienced a miracle. Germany herself, in her luxuriant decline, gave us Strauss and Schönberg. At the same time, Brazil, Spain, Bohemia, Scandinavia, Hungary, and North America began sending up shoots. It was a brilliant century, full of change and excitement, and everywhere solidly nourished on the masters. Creation has rarely been more active, pedagogy more powerful.

The speed of evolution accelerated, and the excitement of it all mounted till about 1914. Debussy, who had already given his major piano works, as well as his opera *Pelléas et Mélisande* and his symphonic poem *La Mer*, composed in 1913 his ballet *Jeux* and shortly thereafter his three sonatas. Indeed, the five years preceding World War I brought with them, like a last wave breaking on the Western beach, Stravinsky's *Firebird*, *Petrouchka*, and *The Rite of Spring*; Schönberg's completed *Gurrelieder*, *Five Orchestral Pieces*, and *Pierrot Lunaire*; Ravel's *Shéhérazade*, *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*, and *Daphnis et Chloë*. Every one of these works was striking, original, and powerful in expression. Every one of them, moreover, brought to maturity some composing technique predictable from the classical syntax.

Debussy's novel achievements were full freedom of form; verbal-musical amalgams more electric than those of Bach, Rameau, Mozart, Rossini, or even Schubert; and (shared with Schönberg and Stravinsky) a consistent 100 per cent dissonance saturation to delight the ears of Bach, who had so often provoked that experience mechanically through the use of organ mixture stops. Further achievements of the time included Stravinsky's raising of rhythm to the rank of a major component in composition, Schönberg's heightening of chromaticism to the confounding of all tonality, outlandish and wonderful loudnesses, and a pulverization of musical sound to the ultimate of delicacy.

All these achievements completed and crowned the classical repertory without in any way invalidating it. Indeed, it looks now as if Western music, that vast development which began with early Christian psalmody and which invented and perfected, one by one, the Gregorian chant, counterpoint, multiple metrics, harmony, a dozen wind and string instruments, the simultaneous, differentiated employment of all these in the lyric drama, the oratorio, the choreographico-musical narrative, and the extended instrumental forms, had come to an end. With the classical symphonists, the Western musical language was mature; in the work of the classical modernists it became free. And this last result, like all the others, was produced by classically trained musicians working within the framework of the classical tradition.

THAT tradition remains unshaken. Indeed it has lately been further buttressed by musicological studies. Nor have the contributions of modernism been discarded; they have become a part of our classical tradition. Nevertheless, music's rate of evolution has slowed down noticeably since World War I. Of really powerful works produced in the last forty years I can name you only five: Igor Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat*, Erik Satie's *Socrate*, Honegger's *Pacific 231*, Darius Milhaud's *La Création du Monde*, and Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*; and these were all written before 1926. I know nothing of comparable originality composed since then, except possibly some very short pieces by Anton Webern. The music of Sibelius and Bartók, though powerful on the expressive plane, does not seem, technically speaking, to have changed anything.

Today there is little active change going on. There is only tradition, and that tradition includes all the modernisms of yesteryear. The modernist branch of our tradition, now wholly official and more than a little pompous, possesses, as our tra-

*a New Idea for a New Era*



# EDUCATION FOR ONE

Mankind's headlong sprint toward the mass society poses this special question:



what kind of education do our youngsters need to lead productive lives in a world of mass automation, "groupism", the big organization, atomic power and conformity? The question obviously goes beyond the immediate need for higher teaching salaries, smaller classes and better schools. Nor is it limited to the issue of how much "science" the curriculum should include. As we see it, our democratic system of education for all will meet the needs of this new era, only to the extent that it can provide "Education for One"—education that helps our junior citizens perceive the world for what it is. While on this side of the planet we face special problems of the dawning technological era, countries on the other side are just emerging from the agricultural age. Modern education, encompassing this diversity, must rediscover and nourish the individuality of our student millions. In this way, we may insure a society with enough pioneers, enough individuals to reassert a humanity that is already on the defensive. A long range hope? Admitted—but one that needs immediate



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dition has always done, a diatonic and a chromatic style. Our century's diatonic style, commonly referred to as neoclassicism, is an eclectic mixture of pre-World-War-I liberties with earlier, tighter syntaxes. Its practitioners dominate pedagogy, publishing, and performance. Twentieth-century chromaticism, as simplified about 1926 by Schönberg into a rule of thumb known as serial dodecaphony (or the twelve-tone row technique), marks the music of a smaller group that essays through a publicity at once pious and pugnacious to seize the positions of power now held by the neoclassic representatives. In neither camp is there much novelty of either expression or method; in both, rather, there is a sectarian adherence to certain parts of the Great Tradition, as if all of it were too much for anybody to live with.

There are those who maintain that the Western musical language, because it is now complete, must be scrapped. This is to argue that the English language, once it came to maturity in the plays of Shakespeare and in the King James version of the Bible, was thenceforth useless to literature. The contrary, of course, is true. And though any of civilization's instruments may slowly decline in vigor after its first maturity, that decline is likely to be accompanied by a wider and wider utilization over many centuries.

Music as a language, though long may it live, will not, I fear, be evolving much more. There will not be another Beethoven, nor a Bach nor a Mozart nor even a Debussy, because our musical language is complete and its gamut explored. We can only codify it now. We can export it to Asia and Africa. We can also finish off some jobs worth doing at home and long put off. A conquest of the English language by opera is possibly, at this moment, imminent. The vast and fertile field of Spanish declamation has barely been touched. The continental opera itself awaits for its revival the perfection of a new recitative, viable for films and television. In general, for the West, constructive advance seems more urgent on the vocal than on the instrumental front. But there is still room for movement in every direction.

THE directions most encouraged today in Europe are rhythmic research and integral serialism. The former stems from American sources (Henry Cowell, Edgar Varèse, John Cage) and from the pre-1914 Stravinsky. Its purest form (also mostly from America) is that of music for nontonal percussion instruments. The combination of rhythmic research with twelve-tone chromaticism has produced in Europe a twelve-tone music in which not only the tones themselves but also durations,

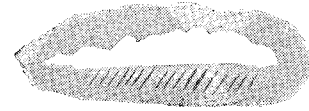
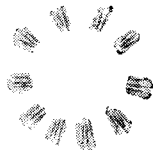
pauses, loudnesses, instrumental colors, high and low pitches, methods of attack and release — every variable in music, in fact — are subjected to a systematic organization into ordered series. Complete organization of this kind is known as integral serialism, and its more celebrated practitioners are Pierre Boulez in France, Karlheinz Stockhausen in Germany, and Luigi Nono in Italy.

I find this music utterly charming in sound and refreshingly innocent in expression. There is nothing wrong with it except the publicity advanced in its favor that it is another "music of the future." This pretension is absurd, because the idiom is not that novel; it is still a dialect of Bach and completely comprehensible to any classical musician. It is a game played with classical elements.

I doubt seriously whether there are unexploited devices available for starting a radically new musical tradition. I do believe, however, that success will not wholly pass by the rhythmic experimenters and the 100 per cent serialists. I can imagine them making lovely scores for all the better films about space travel, where their invigorating metrical asymmetries and their generally antiseptic and up-to-date sounds will give an effect much more appropriate than pathos. If this happens, they will have contributed to the still living tradition of musical impressionism — that is to say, of atmospheric evocation. And we shall all be very happy. For they are loyal workmen, and their music unquestionably has charm. My only dispute with these excellent friends and colleagues is that I simply cannot see them as subversive. I can just barely see them as late contributors to traditional modernism.

Now, modernism in music, to begin retracing my argument, is a concept from the late nineteenth century that urges an attitude of receptivity toward anything that may seem progressive either in syntax or in subject matter. It is an open-door policy regarding change, and the official representatives of tradition itself have not always been unfriendly toward it. In any case, modernism long ago won so many of its battles with reaction and won them so decisively that by the end of World War I they were sharing condominium in the conservatories.

Little by little, however, as the supply of musical novelty diminished, the encouragement of novelty was transformed from an open-door policy into a doctrinaire position. This position, as upheld in the magazines of musical modernism and in the programs of the contemporary music concerts, maintained that there could be no authentic or valuable composition that did not embody some technical novelty, the corollary being, of course, that any work which did embody



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a technical novelty was more valuable than one which did not.

To realize the absurdity of this position one has only to remember that music's master builders, Bach and Mozart and Beethoven and even Wagner, were none of them research men. Awareness of this fact, as well as the increasing scarcity of novel devices, turned the young musicians of the post-World-War-I generation toward an exploitation of established modernism through the mass media — radio, films, and dance spectacles — and through oratoriolike *grandes machines* designed to divert a mass public by the mobilization of orchestras, soloists, choruses, and that most antimusical of all instruments, the speaking voice. These efforts have not produced masterpieces. But they have popularized, officialized, and standardized the modern vocabulary so effectively that it is very hard today to distinguish by the ear alone the work of one contemporary composer from that of another.

I do not wish to imply that no musical research today is valid and no expression authentic. But I do consider that both technical advance and expressivity have shown, since World War I, or at least since 1925, a decline in vigor. A parallel situation exists in both painting and poetry. We are living in a time of cultural recession. Politics, economic organization, and the arts of war appear to be on the move. The fine and applied arts, in this epoch of wide cultural distribution, are definitely conservative. This conservatism, at least in music and in painting, is based on a tradition of modernism once radical, now completely academic and official.

The modernist musical tradition has never denied its derivation from Beethoven and Bach. The classics of yesteryear are no less classical today. It is also clear, however, that musical evolution, which has been extremely active for two centuries, has for the time being lost its dynamism. The situation is no doubt temporary. All the arts are in a low part of their curve, because the world is up to something else. And one of the things it is up to is distributing its cultural produce to a world-wide market. It is enlarging and standardizing that market with a remarkable energy. And it has been possible to undertake such a standardization because we, the musicians, had already standardized, brought to completion, and officialized our whole tradition, classical and modern.

So what do we composers do now? There is only one thing possible: change the assumptions on which we operate. We shall have to forget for a time about novelty and change and tradition and all such great big wordy ideas. I propose to you that every composer has plenty of small

ideas, technical and expressive ones, and that these ideas are all valid if sincerely and competently acted upon. It is better to work with the ideas one really has, however minor they may seem, than to try to follow an outworn line like modernism-at-any-price. Especially in a time when there are so few "modernistic" ideas available at any price. In other words, the tradition of constant change must be thrown overboard and freshness found through other preoccupations.

The standardization of compositional procedures is a fact; we cannot fight that. Anyway, we have produced it ourselves both knowingly and inevitably, through the intense and highly intellectual organization, over centuries, of our whole musical tradition, creative and executional. The standardization of audiences is also a fact; and though composers have contributed toward bringing it about, we are not wholly happy with the result. It is better for business than for creative advance. Our dilemma is that we believe in creative advance but are unable to make very much of it right now through technical innovation. Moreover, we are suspicious, as a source of inspiration, of mere expressivity; in our unconscious it lies uncomfortably close to commercial motivations and the relaxing of standards. So also for the tricky concept of sincerity.

We may well be reduced, all the same, to seeking innovation through expressivity, instead of expressivity through innovation, and to finding expressivity through sincerity, though sincerity at its purest leads straight to anarchy and through anarchy to the destruction of both tradition and progress. It is my belief, regarding musical composition, that today only sincerity and anarchy are valid. There is no good line or bad line, no clearly progressive and no reactionary. We are not fighting from positions any longer, or among ourselves. We are fighting individually against the distributors and the standardizers. We are fighting for our lives and for music's life, because all this vast distribution by phonograph and radio, this amplified inundation of the world with sure-fire classics and banal modernities, can kill the art of music. But till the sad day comes when nobody educated would be caught dead listening to music, it may just be possible to follow for a while the best lesson in the whole classical tradition, which is that individual freedom is honorable, and to succeed by private pushes and private tinkering in keeping the giant musical machine in some kind of motion. It will require the efforts of many people all over the world to counteract music's present incipient sclerosis. And the time may be short. But I for one should hate to see the day when there will be music, music everywhere — and no surprise or spontaneity in any of it.





The Oxford English Dictionary

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# BOOKSHELF

## THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

### *The Peripatetic Reviewer* BY EDWARD WEEKS

IN 1952 a group of American publishers and librarians set out to discover what could be done to enlarge the interest of the Muslim world in American books in translation. Cairo, the center of Arabic culture, was to be the testing ground, and here the American representatives, Datus Smith of the Princeton University Press, Francis St. John of the Brooklyn Public Library, and the late Malcolm Johnson, vice president of D. Van Nostrand Company, met with the Arabic leaders — scholars, lawyers, librarians, and publishers — to work out a tentative program. With it in mind, the Americans then extended their survey to other parts of the Muslim world. At Beirut, Lahore, or Djakarta, they sought for those who would sustain the undertaking. The program was appealing because of its directness. There was to be no forced feeding: the staff in each country — entirely composed of nationals — would determine the kinds of books which were most needed; they would indicate the author and the title which they wished to have translated.

The American headquarters, which had taken the name of Franklin Publications, Inc., would purchase the book for a nominal sum and bear the cost of the editing and translation; each participating country, as its share, would pay for the paper, the printing, and the binding. This was no giveaway: the books were to be sold at the lowest possible price, ranging from 23 cents, the price paid for volume one, an American-Arab edition of *This I Believe*, to James Bryant Conant's *Science and Common Sense*, which was priced at \$1.50. A royalty of 10 per cent was to be collected and returned to the American source.

The Egyptians had some initial difficulty in choosing the titles, for their knowledge of our publications was scanty. Accordingly, they were encouraged to pick categories, such as science, fiction, juveniles. Copies of the best books in each field were then sent out to the Egyptian publishers, who, after sampling, made their final choice.

The first book under Franklin's imprint appeared in Cairo in October, 1953; it was, as I have said, an American-Arab version of Edward R. Murrow's very popular *This I Believe*, containing twenty-five of the original American statements supplemented with an equal number by distinguished Arabs. The first edition of 35,000 copies sold out on the day of publication, and a second printing of 25,000 was quickly exhausted. The idea of publishing Asian and Western authors side by side between the same covers helped to break the ice. Sarah Bolton's *Lives of Boys Who Became Famous* proved to be another successful pioneer. Half the biographies are of Americans like Franklin, Lincoln, the Wright brothers, and the Mayos. The other half are of Arab boys who rose to leadership. This is an adaptable format. In time an Iranian edition was edited with the stories of young Iranian leaders substituted for those of the Arabs and with the Shah himself contributing the biography of his father, Reza Shah, the first of the dynasty. Persian is also the literary language of Afghanistan, and so Iranian books were soon crossing the border.

The wisdom of the American consultants was to proffer, never to push, and it must have been gratifying to them to see the swiftness with which the program matured. Boys' books and juveniles revealed the need for textbooks. The popularity of an autobiography like *The Spirit of St. Louis* by Charles Lindbergh, priced at 23 cents, opened the way for books on popular philosophy by Carl Becker, and so in time to the works of John Dewey, Robert MacIver, and Ralph Barton Perry. When they asked for Walter Lippmann, it was noticeable that they wanted his most recent and thoughtful book, *The Public Philosophy*. Books were sold by street peddlers, on newsstands, and in the occasional bookstore; in the provincial areas racks were placed in the food shops. The cult of the storyteller is strong in the East, and in the coffeehouse or village meeting place there is

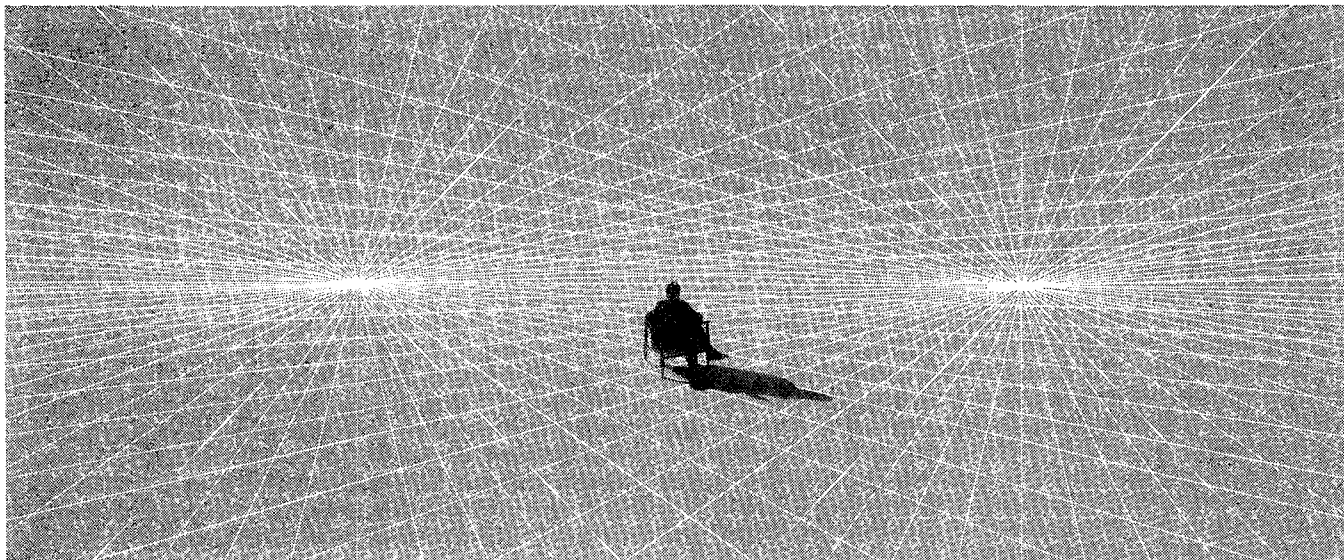
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always someone who reads aloud. In Tehran, many chapters of Spock's *Baby and Child Care* were read aloud over the air from a translation made by the Shah's sister, Princess Ashraf.

Cairo continues to be the headquarters for the Arabic translations, and despite the anti-American manifestations resulting from our capriciousness about the Aswan Dam, the total sales in Egypt in 1958 were 75 per cent greater than those of the two preceding years combined. Tehran has become the headquarters for the publication of books in Persian; Lahore for the books in Urdu; Dacca for those in Bengali; and Djakarta for those in Indonesian. Through these outlets American authors are now being distributed in translation to twenty Muslim countries with a total population of 250 million.

It is fascinating to follow the preferences. As one might expect, the reconciliation of science with religion has been of constant interest to these deeply religious peoples, and a book as affirmative as *Man Does Not Stand Alone* by A. C. Morrison was destined to be widely read. The translation was submitted to a number of mullahs for their approval, and at their suggestion footnotes were added throughout the text quoting passages from the Koran to support the statements of the Christian author, an addition which brought home in a striking way the accord between the Christian and the Islamic ideals. Poetry sells best in Iran, where the Persian preference has been for Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, Poe, Longfellow, Sandburg, and Whitman — who are being published, be it added, in editions of 5000 copies! Here again it seemed a natural affiliation to print these six American poets in uniform binding with the works of the six leading Persian poets. In Egypt, Pakistan, and Indonesia books on constitutional questions are eagerly devoured. Of the modern novelists, Thornton Wilder, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, William Saroyan, and William Faulkner are in translations (but not Hemingway; his lawyer wouldn't play). The most popular novel thus far appears to be *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* by Thornton Wilder. And of the modern plays, *Our Town*, *Beyond the Horizon*, *You Can't Take It with You*, and *The Glass Menagerie* are the favorites in Arabic and in Persian.

More than five million books have been purchased thus far, and the sales are rising. As the expenses of this nonprofit organization have increased, so has the aid: American universities and foundations, government agencies, research institutes, the Arab League, the Shah of Persia, the Afghanistan Ministry of Education, the Iranian Ministry of Education, each has made its contribution. Sometimes there are specific grants, as when the Princess Ashraf made her gift of \$25,000

for the Persian edition of the *Columbia-Viking Desk Encyclopedia*, which was matched by the Ford Foundation.

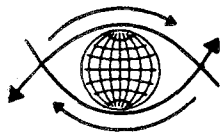
Naturally there are omissions, or what seem so to me. Although Louisa Alcott's *Little Women* has been asked for, I can find no sign of interest in the writing of contemporary American women such as Agnes E. Meyer, Margaret Mead, or Agnes de Mille. I can find nothing about our racial minorities or the great fusing of our blood streams as depicted by the Harvard historian, Oscar Handlin, in *The Uprooted*. I find seven titles by Will Durant, but nothing by Edith Hamilton. And it surprises me that there is not a single Negro author on the lists I have scrutinized. But after all, there is plenty of time, for Franklin Publications has only been five years in the building.

#### SCIENTIFIC INSIGHT

American readers have had a growing awareness of the English writer, C. P. SNOW; like the late Joyce Cary, he is a novelist whose excellence and special qualities we have been slow to appreciate. He was trained as a scientist and came to his fellowships and to his early teaching at Cambridge at the time when Rutherford and the atomic physicists with whom he was then working had made Cambridge a place of light and leading. He worked with Sir Henry Tizard in that desperate effort to prepare British atomic defenses before Chamberlain's umbrella collapsed, and he was knighted for his services in the war.

But like Dr. Hans Zinsser before him, C. P. SNOW had a second career steadily evolving within his outer preoccupation as a scientist. He tells us that he knew his vocation as a novelist before he was twenty and adds, "I have spent a great deal of my working life sitting with scientists in the afternoon, as it were, and talking to writers at night." He has rare powers of lucidity and of warmth, and he applies them with equal skill to what is transpiring in the laboratory or to the delineation of character. He is, it seems to me, uniquely qualified to reconcile the traditional nonscientific culture with the up-and-coming scientific one, and this he does to the queen's taste in his novel, *THE SEARCH* (Scribner's, \$3.95), which was originally published in 1934 and which he has now revised.

The hero of *The Search* is an eager young English physicist, Arthur Miles. Arthur has to work his way, for his family has no means, and the boy himself is of limitless ambition. This is the story of his early, almost ascetic dedication to the laboratory; of his farsighted, almost prophetic advance in the field of crystallography; of his love for Audrey, who is as penniless as himself; of his



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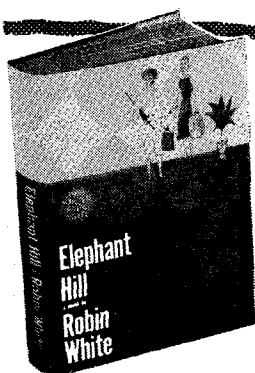
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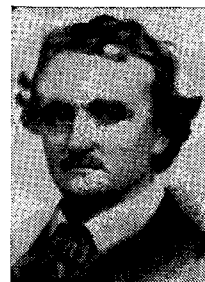


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friendship for Charles Sheriff, against whose cleverness he paces himself, and for Hunt, the schoolmaster whose humanism keeps bringing Arthur back to earth. It is the story of Arthur's rise from prize scholar, to research worker, to scientist of renown; it tells us, as no other book I know, of the demands made upon a talented man as he becomes enmeshed in the industry and politics of big-time research.

*The Search* is a rewarding book in itself, and it should induce new readers to explore "Strangers and Brothers," the series of novels with which Mr. Snow has been occupied this past decade.

#### ART COMES TO AMERICA

In **THE PROUD POSSESSORS** (Random House, \$5.95) **ALINE B. SAARINEN**, for more than a decade associate art critic of the *New York Times*, is writing about the origin and acquisition of the great American collections which have been built up in this country over the past seventy years. Her book, in its gay, vivid prose, is at once a portrait gallery and a *vernissage*, full of quaint and vivid detail, of prices that stagger one by their astronomical progression, and throughout it is graced by a presence cool, quizzical, and fascinating: I mean of course the presence of Bernard Berenson, whose exquisite taste and usually irrefutable judgment were relied on by many wealthy collectors.

The author opens with Mrs. Potter Palmer, presiding so regally over her Louis XVI salon in her cobblestone palace in Chicago, whose interest in painting began with the Barbizon School and then moved up to Monet, Manet, Courbet, and Degas under the coaching of Whistler and Mary Cassatt. This is followed, by way of comparison, with the liveliest account of Isabella Gardner and the building of Fenway Court that has yet been printed; Berenson figures prominently in these pages and in the description of those treasures which for one reason or another Mrs. Gardner missed. Mrs. Saarinen makes us feel the extraordinary scope and generosity of J. P. Morgan's great bequest to the Metropolitan; we delight in the independent scouting of that Philadelphia lawyer, John G. Johnson, and are surprised by the more precious but no less tenacious quests of Charles Lang Freer. The book is alive with personality, and in the latter half I think I most enjoyed the wonderful clash between Leo and Gertrude Stein, the audacity of Peggy Guggenheim, the more homely but no less imaginative planning with which Mrs. Webb built up the Shelburne Museum, and the Rockefellers' passion for primitive arts. The book is perceptive, fair in its pronouncements (though William Randolph Hearst would not have found it so), and felicitous in its appreciation.

## BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

### TRAVELS

#### *Normandy Revisited* BY A. J. LIEBLING

Mr. Liebling, who had an unashamedly glorious time as a war correspondent, retraces his Normandy campaign with nostalgic glee. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, \$3.95.

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Professor Galbraith talked with students and teachers and saw nonacademic bits of both the countries in which he lectured. His short report is unpretentious but, in its scholarly caution, convincing. HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, \$3.00.

#### *Goodbye to Ithaca* BY LOUIS GOLDING

Part history, part romance, part actual experience, Mr. Golding's observations among the Isles of Greece have exceptional charm. THOMAS YOSELOFF, \$6.00.

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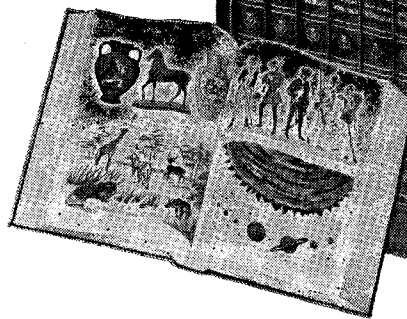
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THE ATLANTIC



## Reader's Choice

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Homer's Bronze Age heroes, living by the sword and deliberately choosing a suitable death in battle, have not fared too well in modern times. Achilles has become a tendon, and Hector a pup. Only Odysseus, who never chose death on any terms, has endured and still goes voyaging, wily and indomitable, across perilous seas.

In *THE ODYSSEY: A MODERN SEQUEL* (Simon and Schuster, \$10.00) the late poet and novelist NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS made Odysseus the symbol of mankind's struggle to understand life and come to terms with death. This struggle is a large subject anyway, and since it is explored on half a dozen levels with all Kazantzakis' extraordinary resources of knowledge and invention, the poem expands into more than seven hundred pages of adventure, surprise, debate, reflection, dream, miracle, folk tale, ritual, and philosophy. It is not, and plainly was never intended to be, classical in tone.

The poem picks up Odysseus after the killing of Penelope's suitors. He is not comfortable in Ithaca, nor welcome, and very soon startles his subjects—who expect him to pour the traditional libation—with, "I drink not to the gods but to man's dauntless mind." Man's dauntless mind is the moving force of the whole poem, and Odysseus is its chameleon representative. His three fates are unsatisfied Tantalus, Prometheus the innovator, and Heracles of the unfinished labors. Ithaca is too small for such a destiny.

The hero therefore builds a ship and puts out to sea with a crew consisting of a cheerful old pirate named Captain Clam, a dour bronzesmith, a musician described as "the fool's cap of God with dirty tassel," a fat,

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kindly drunk and glutton called Kentaur, and a mountaineer who has killed his own brother in a duel over a girl. The expedition pauses at Sparta to recruit the boy Rocky and kidnap Helen once again, descends on Crete and demolishes the place, and goes on to Egypt, where Odysseus eventually establishes an ideal city somewhere, it seems, south of the Sudan. While this goes on, the original members of the party have been dropping away. When the ideal city is destroyed by a volcano, only Rocky and Kentaur are left to die in the ruins. Odysseus, of course, survives.

Up to this point in the poem, Odysseus has been a man of action whose exasperated desire to improve the world causes uproar and the fall of empires wherever he goes. He has also had dealings with a series of gods, all of whom turn out to be aspects of himself and therefore unreliable in a crisis. Alone again after the destruction of his city, Odysseus turns to asceticism and contemplation. He wanders south across Africa and, by refusing to concern himself any longer with the actions of men or the nature of gods, achieves at last clear vision and acceptance of the world with all its conflicts and contradictions.

Then flesh dissolved, glances congealed, the heart's pulse stopped, and the great mind leapt to the peak of its holy freedom, fluttered with empty wings, then upright through the air soared high and freed itself from its last cage, its freedom. All things like frail mist scattered till but one brave cry for a brief moment hung in the clear benighted waters:

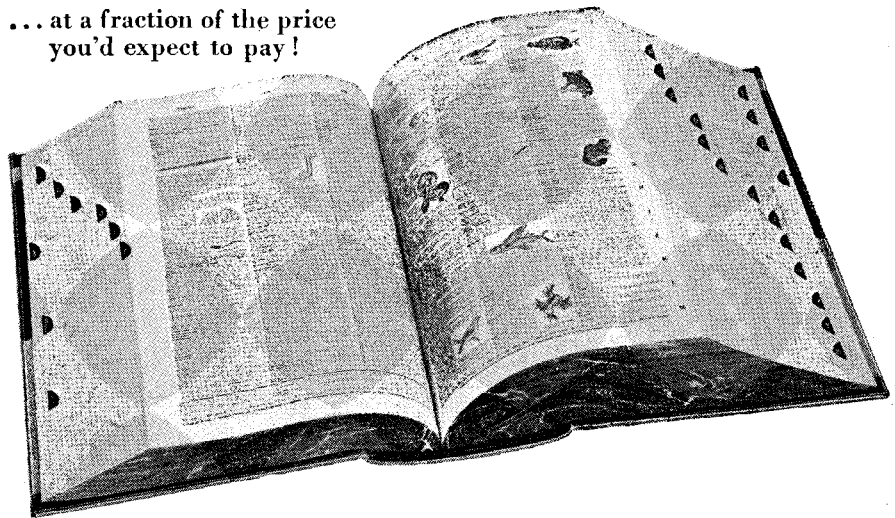
"Forward, my lads, sail on, for Death's breeze blows in a fair wind!"

While summary may indicate the general outlines of Kazantzakis' *Odyssey*, nothing but an actual reading can give any idea of the complexity of meaning and the richness of episode packed into this enormous poem. Everything, from political argument to the design on Helen's robe, carries two or three meanings.

Kazantzakis was too good a novelist to let symbolism and allegory suck the life out of his characters. They may be demigods engaged in flat impossibilities, but they remain interesting, recognizable people. Even when he has become a saint, Odys-

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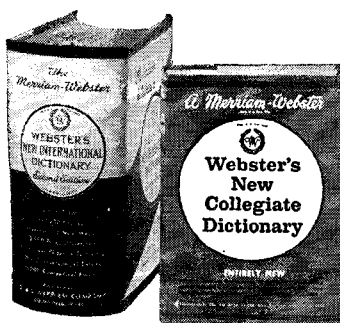
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seus shows traces of the arrogant pirate who sailed for Troy. Menelaus, grown rich and soft, is delighted to see Odysseus but presently complains that he had hoped to overhaul old adventures in fireside comfort with a friend as old as he; it is embarrassing to have the king of Ithaca still slamming around after scuffles and excitement.

Kimon Friar's translation of the poem, much of it done with the advice and supervision of the author, is a most impressive piece of work. He has had the usual problems with meter and solved them very well. At first glance the style seems a trifle flat, the meter all but imaginary, the manner close to academic discretion, but as the poem rolls along, these supposed deficiencies disappear. The restrained manner leaves Mr. Friar plenty of room for maneuver when the occasion calls for it, while the unemphatic meter proves capable of a great deal of subtle variation, making a fine vehicle for such a long journey.

### HOUSE UNBEAUTIFUL

Through twenty years and a couple of thin volumes, OSBERT LANCASTER, author, stage designer, and cartoonist, has been hacking his way through the jungle of British domestic architecture. All his efforts in this line, lately amplified by an excursion to the United States, are now available in a small, venomous, hilarious book called **HERE, OF ALL PLACES!** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00).

Proceeding by word and picture from the Pict in his brush heap to the commuter in his split level, Mr. Lancaster rocks architectural styles like an earthquake. He is not, however, entirely unsympathetic to the art of building, conceding that by the end of the Middle Ages "the houses of the rich compared very favorably with, say, the average first-class waiting room in a modern provincial railway station."

The author also has a sharp eye for the practical motive behind decorative exuberance, pointing out that the Victorian passion for bric-a-brac, souvenirs, photographs, and trinkets from Indian bazaars so overcrowded any normal mantelpiece that the overmantel had to be developed "to cope with what were rapidly becoming slum conditions."

The figures who inhabit Mr. Lancaster's drawings are as instructive

as their houses. The goiterous damozel chatting with Mr. Oscar Wilde holds a Japanese fan, although every effort has clearly been made to exclude air from her greenery-yallery drawing room. On the lawn of a masterpiece in Carpenters' Gothic, an American style justly described by Mr. Lancaster as "ridiculous but never without charm," Artemis in a beribboned hat and a hoop skirt has just put an arrow into the waistcoat of a bearded Actaeon, who lies supine at some distance from his stove-pipe hat.

Whether or not Mr. Lancaster succeeds in getting us all more elegantly housed (internal evidence suggests that he would toss everyone into Georgian, Greek Revival, or Early Colonial and let it go at that), *Here, of All Places!* will provide a laugh and warning to anyone not altogether committed to the idea that a house should be *une machine à habiter*.

### THE POOR AND UNSELFISH

THE POORHOUSE FAIR (Knopf, \$3.50) is JOHN UPDIKE's first novel, a well-controlled, neatly constructed

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study of the survival of spiritual vitality in a most unlikely setting, among the elderly inmates of a New Jersey county farm. While nothing much happens, the continual unfolding of ideas and enterprise among the old people produces a very lively story. For one thing, their physical condition gives any action a quality of suspense. When Mr. Lucas sets out to recapture his wife's escaped parakeet, he has to contend with stairs, short wind, unreliable balance, and an uncertain sense of direction, in addition to the vagaries of the bird.

The farm is directed by a professional social worker, Connor. He truly wants to make his charges happy, but as a group, while they insist on being happy, if at all, as individuals. Connor is baffled by them. The contrast between Connor's impersonal good will and the anarchic but effective kindness of the old people is the ironic point of the book.

Mr. Updike writes extremely well, with great clarity and a precision of language that seems effortless and is probably far from it. As a tribute to the lasting value of independence and individuality, *The Poorhouse Fair* is more effective than many larger and soberer books about the dangers of Utopia.

#### THE ONSLAUGHT OF CIVILIZATION

The breakup of African tribal society is the subject of CHINUA ACHEBE's novel, *THINGS FALL APART* (McDowell, Obolensky, \$3.75). This theme has been discussed before with the same melancholy conclusions, but Mr. Achebe's book is distinctive in that most of it concerns African life before any European interference occurs.

Mr. Achebe's hero and his environment are described with care, and no attempt is made to disguise their unlovable aspects. Even by the standards of his own people, Okonkwo is not a particularly attractive man: hard working and a good provider, but overambitious, short tempered, heavy handed, humorless, and self-important. He has never recovered from the chagrin of being a poor man's son, for his father was a musician with no talent for farming and no taste for work of any sort. This feckless charmer, appearing briefly at the start of the story, is a delightful character, full

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few



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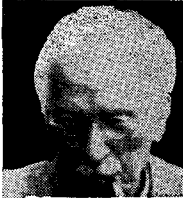
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of courtly conversation and remarkably gifted in borrowing more money from friends who drop by to collect their old loans.

To Okonkwo's credit, he is honest, conscientious in his civic duties (he has risen to the honorable office of representing one of the ancestral spirits during their masked appearances in public), fond of his wives and children despite his bullying manner, and devoted to his gods. He also has physical courage, although he is short of nerve on moral questions and always takes the easy, conventional way out.

This is the portrait of an ordinary, proper, businesslike citizen, and Mr. Achebe has been very clever in building it up in terms of mud-walled compounds, yams, and human sacrifice. Okonkwo's life is not without problems. His favorite daughter is a fragile child, probably possessed by an evil spirit. An accidental shooting causes him to be banished from the tribe for some years, to his great distress and expense. These affairs permit Mr. Achebe to record the habits, jokes, stories, work, and festivities of the tribesmen in detail, until the struc-

ture of their society rises as clearly as his hero's character.

Okonkwo's world is brutal in some respects, very gentle in others, highly organized but quite incapable of contending with jails and policemen. These arrive hard on the heels of the first missionary, and everything is thrown topsy-turvy. Okonkwo, a born conservative, fights for the old gods and is beaten at once. He becomes a paragraph in a projected book on *The Pacification of the Primitive Tribes of the Lower Niger*, to be written by a man who does not understand any more about the society he is busily destroying than Okonkwo does about bookkeeping.

#### FAITH AND THE MAN

JOYCE CARY's last novel, *THE CAPTIVE AND THE FREE* (Harper, \$5.00), was written against time and left unfinished at his death. His material has been fitted together and published in what his literary executors hope is approximately the form Cary had in mind, and there can be no doubt that Mrs. Winfred Davin has worked hard and well at this task. There are a few rough

spots in the narrative, but no really bothersome gaps.

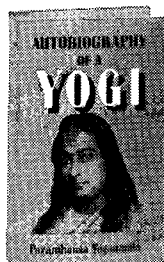
Unhappily, the best of editors cannot, at least not with a clear conscience, provide what the author never got around to writing. *The Captive and the Free* noticeably lacks the quickly drawn but solid backgrounds, the sharp flashes of observation, and the crackling humorous phrases that run through Cary's other books. Evidently these things were part of the final polishing, which he did not live to do. Stylistically, this cannot be quite the book the author intended to write.

The novel is a study of the necessity of religious faith, its practice in opposing forms, and the effect these things have on a huge, heterogeneous cast of characters. The battle begins between a reasonably liberal Anglican curate named Syson and Preedy, a faith healer whose dismal history includes the seduction of a fourteen-year-old girl. Preedy claims this affair brought him to God.

Viewing Preedy as a fraud, Syson advises his parishioners to avoid the crook. Preedy, who is a remarkable compound of foggy enthusiasm, gutter shrewdness, and genuine religious fervor, sues for slander. The case attracts, and soon involves, the editors and officials of a newspaper empire where a war of succession is quietly in progress, the followers of both clerics, and a horde of hysterical or amused bystanders. This conglomeration of people enables Cary to investigate the financial side of both churches and to take a few well-aimed swipes at the excesses of journalism.

Preedy wins his case. Syson, recognizing the religious sincerity of the obnoxious little man, begins to question his own orthodox position and ends by withdrawing from the church to look for a personal faith. Alice, Preedy's juvenile mistress, is now an elderly woman of nineteen and, having blown hot and cold throughout the trial, finally rejoins him. These three have all elected to look for salvation in their own way, free of conventional rules and regardless of the opinion of the neighbors. Around them, the mob of subsidiary characters entangle themselves in finance, politics, and plain foolishness, unable to recognize and follow their desire for religious truth. Religious truth, incidentally, Cary never undertakes to define.

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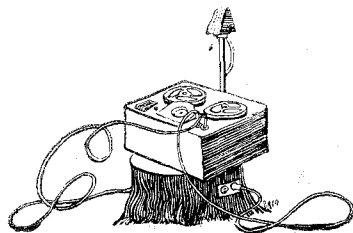
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# Accent on

November 20, 1958

DEAR MR. MORTON:

With some astonishment I read the attack on myself and my folklore collecting in Maine in the article, "Research Project," by John Gould in the November, 1958, *Accent on Living*. I am at a loss to understand how the editors of the *Atlantic* could permit the slanderous reference to my work by Mr. Gould as a "fraud upon the American Philosophic Society." He knows nothing of my work, even in Maine, and has based his piece on a little secondary article of mine he ran across, without reading my major report published in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*.

I am confident that, in the interests of truth and fair play, you will accord me equal space and position to reply to Mr. Gould, and I herewith enclose my rejoinder.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD M. DORSON, *Editor*  
*Journal of American Folklore*

November 24, 1958

DEAR MR. DORSON:

Your letter of November 20 reached us today, but I am sorry to report that it came too late for inclusion in the correspondence column of the January *Atlantic*, which we sent to press last week. We are publishing three remonstrances to Mr. Gould's

article, and we should have been glad to present your own had it reached us in time.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES W. MORTON, *Associate Editor*

November 30, 1958

DEAR MR. MORTON:

Your letter of November 24 has come, saying that my reply to the article by John Gould reached you too late for your January issue. The February issue is quite agreeable with me. I wrote my rebuttal immediately on seeing Mr. Gould's piece, but, not knowing I was to be knifed by him in the November *Atlantic*, I did not learn of the article for several weeks. I see that your correspondence columns deal with the same article for several months running.

It is not after all a question of my missing a deadline I couldn't know about. The question is whether the *Atlantic* will honor my right to reply to a personal attack.

If others have already found fault with Mr. Gould's article, that seems all the more reason I should be heard from. I am the only person directly involved. Mr. Gould's entire article, line by line, word by word, is a direct attack upon me and my work. Though he withheld my name, every folklorist in the country knows who is meant, and so do the readers of

*Northeast Folklore* and the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*.

Fun is fun, but I cannot sit by while the accusation is made that my project was a "fraud upon the American Philosophic Society." This vicious charge, in the *Atlantic*, impugns my professional competence and personal integrity as well as the confidence in me of a distinguished body of learned men.

Actually I had hoped that in all fairness my rejoinder would be included in the *Accent on Living* section rather than in the correspondence column. The questions raised in the exchange between Mr. Gould and myself are of general interest and involve widely held misconceptions about the nature of folklore.

I earnestly request that you will not withhold my reply in your pages to the irresponsible ridicule and calumny cast upon me.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD M. DORSON, *Editor*  
*Journal of American Folklore*

## THE DOWN-EASTERS WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

BY RICHARD M. DORSON

In the November, 1958, *Atlantic*, one John Gould, described as a "down-East editor widely known for the pungency" of his newspaper col-



umns, attacked me with more spite than light for collecting folklore on his preserves in the state of Maine. Mr. Gould's comments seemed malodorous rather than pungent, as in his slander that my work was a "fraud on the American Philosophic [sic] Society," which had given me a grant. His big pitch was that a professor (Mr. Gould didn't have the gumption to name me outright), that bumbling funnyman of the ivy-league tower, couldn't possibly get to know in a short time any of the old Maine-ites, because he doesn't "belong," like old veteran Gould, who can really get the local boys to cuss for him. The test of a real Maine story, infers Mr. Gould, is how many damns it contains.

Now I have heard this hooley ever since I began collecting folklore, a dozen years ago. But I went as a stranger to communities of Indians, Finns, French-Canadians, lumberjacks, miners, fishermen, Southern Negroes, where people had told me I could never get acquainted, and I collected thousands of folk tales. They are published in books, which Mr. Gould can read, and I explained in them how and to what end the folklorist works to record valuable and fugitive materials. The one objector I consistently encountered on these field trips was the Local Author, an inflated windbag who mulcted the natives for stale local color and bloodcurdling whimsey, and glared daggers at any poacher.

There were exceptions. In the Upper Peninsula of Michigan I met John Voelker, who possessed a deep and sympathetic interest in the folk traditions of his region and faithfully represented them, with all their gusto and salt, in his books of short stories. At that time the publishers showed little understanding of Mr. Voelker's work, but now that he has crashed through with *Anatomy of a Murder*, they are reprinting these excellent earlier volumes. Mr. Voelker and I used some of the same Peninsula tales, he as a creative author and I as a folklorist.

If Mr. Gould does some reading before he flies into print again, he may learn what I really did on the coast of Maine. His remarks are based entirely on a little squib of half a dozen pages I printed in a tiny new bulletin called *Northeast Folklore*. The official report of my trip, a fifteen-thousand-word description of the project and sampling

of the collection, which amounts to over four hundred texts, was previously published in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*, but Mr. Gould never consulted this article. My enterprise was a follow-up of certain findings made twenty years earlier by field workers on the Linguistic Atlas of America.

If Mr. Gould does still some more reading, he will discover that I am the one folklorist around who has been fighting for authentic publication of obscene texts. Abuse is still showered on my head for the plain words in my article on "Folklore and Fake Lore" in the *American Mercury* of 1950 and in certain of my books, while the PTA chapters of Lansing, Michigan, forever barred their gates to me after I delivered to them a talk on unbowlerized folklore.

One thing the folklorist seeks to do is trace the history of folk tales across the centuries. A lusty sailors' yarn I recorded in Jonesport can be traced back to a striking counterpart in the *Odyssey*. The Kennebec legend of the wild man of Yoho Cove, who local people claim lived just down the bay, is told in the same form in Persia. Tales about a strong man from Beals Island, which I recorded, document for the first time a full-fledged American folk hero who is everything that Paul Bunyan is not, namely, a vital figure in a living oral tradition.

As for the unknowing Mr. Gould, I have on my shelves a children's book he did in 1953 called *The Fastest Hound Dog in the State of Maine*. He says in his preface, "I don't know, of my own knowledge, if this story has ever been written down before." Right alongside that book sits *The Fast Sooner Hound*, by Bon-temps and Conroy, published in 1942, also a children's book on the same story of a dog outrunning a train. The helpless amateur has no idea where the tale he hears comes from, or whether it was printed the day before yesterday, or if it is a folk tale. The folklorist endeavors

patiently to trace folk tales in their world-wide, ceaseless wanderings, and to shed some light on their history and travels.

*The following document accompanied Mr. Dorson's letter and article.*

Richard M. Dorson  
Harvard A.B. 1937, Ph.D. 1943 (History of American Civilization)

Teaching career:

Instructor in History, Harvard University, 1943-1944

Instructor to Professor of History, Michigan State University, 1944-1956

Professor of History and Folklore, Indiana University, 1957-present

Fellowships:

Harvard Sheldon Traveling Fellowship, 1942-1943

Library of Congress Fellowship, 1946

Guggenheim Fellowship, 1949

American Council of Learned Societies Faculty Study Fellowship, 1952

Fulbright Visiting Professor, University of Tokyo, 1956-1957

Books:

*Davy Crockett, American Comic Legend* (editor)

*Jonathan Draws the Long Bow* (University of Chicago Folklore Prize)

*America Begins* (editor)

*Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers*

*America Rebels* (editor) (American History Publication Society book-of-the-month choice)

*Negro Folktales in Michigan*

*Negro Tales from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and Calvin, Michigan*

*Folk Legends of Japan* (in press)

Editor, American Folklore Society

If Professor Dorson's official fifteen-thousand-word report to the American Philosophical Society is like what he wrote for *Northeast Folklore*, then I think I may have been mistaken in calling it a fraud. The Society obviously must have got just what it expected.

— JOHN GOULD

## WILLY-NILLY, BACILLI

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Man stoutly labors with science and heart and soul,  
Trying to keep bacilli under control.  
Each sturdy bacillus musters the strength of ten  
And doggedly tries to do the same with men.

# Psychiatry in Pselluloid

BY NORMAN N. HOLLAND

*This is the second of two articles by NORMAN N. HOLLAND, film critic for educational station WGBH and assistant professor of English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.*

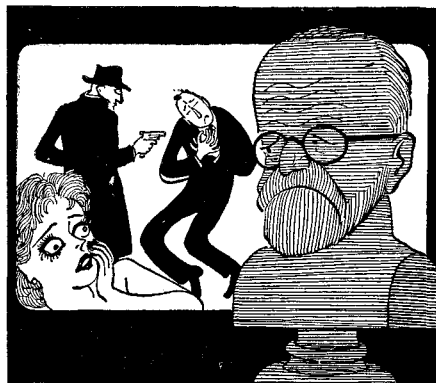
It was bound to happen someday. First there was sound, then the wide, wide screen — someday psychoanalysis had to come to the movies, too. In the good old silent days, characters did not even have motives, let alone complexes and fixations. When Theda Bara's tarnlike eyes turned on some swooning matinee idol, who cared about the weaning trauma then? We were watching a ritual as artificial and graceful as the arc of a custard pie. As in so many other cinematic matters, talk was the villain. After sound, it was no longer enough for the character merely to do something; he had to talk about it, too. Fortunately, script writers and directors being the simple folk they are, for a long time the talk remained as motiveless as the acts themselves.

This reprieve ended in 1941 with Alfred Hitchcock's *Spellbound*, a film apparently designed to prove that psychoanalysts on their own time are entitled to be as crazy as anyone else. Our hero (Gregory Peck) suffers from amnesia and a curious tendency to take out after people with a straight razor whenever he sees a white surface with parallel lines on it. A good deal of *brouhaha* follows: Ingrid Bergman, Peck's analyst, falls in love with him (not recommended therapeutic procedure); she tries to reconstruct a murder from his dreams (a doubtful procedure at best); she goes skiing with our hero (remember those parallel lines?); and she traps the real criminal, who also turns out to be an erring analyst. Finally, we discover that our hero's problems all come from feelings of guilt: as a youth he had inadvertently impaled on an iron fence (parallel lines) a brother whom he had never liked very much anyway. Clinch and fade-out.

Oddly enough, this amiable balderdash marked a milestone, or at least a yardstick. It established the first great axiom of film psychology: Every serious mental illness is caused by a single dramatic incident

in childhood (for example, the amnesia in *Spellbound*, schizophrenia in *The Snake Pit*, or split personality in *The Three Faces of Eve*). Therapy consists in ferreting out this trauma and making the patient re-enact it under highly dramatic circumstances. The patient will twitch, moan, and weep (according to the techniques of method acting); then he is cured.

But, as psychoanalysis passed via



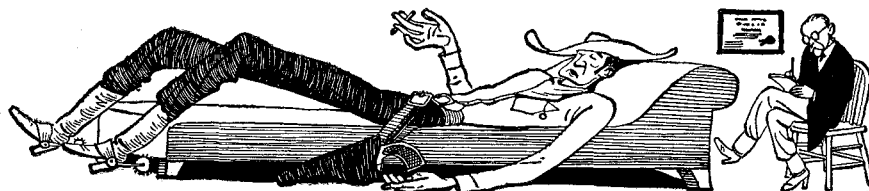
Broadway into the folklore of mid-century America — as the wide, wide screen demanded more talk and less action — it became clear to one and all that this first great axiom was not enough. The system was incomplete. Film psychologists could only treat drastic, dislocating mental illness. What about the commoner, milder troubles: debilitating shyness, enervating nervousness, tired blood, B.O., or (as we have since learned to call it) insecurity? These lesser ailments sometimes look very like the serious ones: alcoholism in *The Lost Weekend*, drug addiction in *A Hatful of Rain*, pyromania in *The Long, Hot Summer*, delinquency in *Rebel Without a Cause* or *The Young Stranger*. They can, however, be infallibly distinguished from the really serious ailments by your watching for the classic symptom: someone says of the victim, "He's not bad, just sick."

Research in this new cinema psychology was slow, but the movies finally met the challenge with the second great axiom, even more firmly grounded in wishful thinking than

the first: Every lesser mental illness is caused by the sustained misbehavior of one or more of the patient's parents throughout his (the patient's) childhood. Therapy in these cases consists in "talking it out." That is, the patient screams accusations at the erring parent until both, seeing that a great wrong has been done, collapse in tears. Then the patient is cured.

With these two axioms, Hollywood is now in a position to handle the entire range of human behavior. Consider the depths involved in the recent *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. The hero's wife had been in the midst of seducing the hero's best friend, when she suddenly changed her mind. The young man in question, understandably somewhat frustrated, promptly popped himself out of a window. Since that time, the hero has been despondent, viewing his wife with suspicion and distaste as he pines away around a plentiful flow of bourbon. The hero's father finally exhorts his son to "face up to the truth" about the late, lamented best friend, and after a suitable amount of yelling and storming around, the young man is apparently cured (Axiom 1). You would think that the picture ended there, but no, it is more subtle. A certain restlessness pervades the actors (and the audience) as it becomes apparent that the malignant psychic growth has not been fully exorcised. Finally, son confronts father in the cellarage (nicely symbolic that, for the fact is that now we are really getting deep in film psychology). After breaking up a good deal of the furniture stored in this basement, son finally comes out with what is still bothering him: father did not love him enough in his youth. Father tearfully agrees and both go back upstairs, cured (Axiom 2).

Film psychology has succeeded when the characters give up doing anything, so as to devote themselves wholly to worrying their psyches. You would think that according to this criterion the lowly Western could never achieve much in cinema psychology: it relies unrelentingly on hard riding, straight shooting,





and, in general, derring-do. But even now, recent Westerns have begun the trend. Take *The Law and Jake Wade*, for example. One of the villains is sort of odd. Between his intermittent attempts to ravish the heroine, she asks him, "How did you ever get to be this way?" Proudly, even a little smugly, he explains that his Paw was a real Bible reader and after revival meetings would come home full of glory and beat the living daylights out of the boy. You can just hear the phrase "repressed sadist" clicking in the minds of script writer and audience alike. "Paw was the first man ah killed," the villain disdainfully concludes. In *The Big Country*, one of the younger villains of the piece is shot by his own father, who is fed up with his ungentlemanly attempts to shoot the hero in the back. As the boy dies, he gasps out his testament in his father's arms. "Yew was always after me, Paw, to grow up and be a big tough man like yew. Why couldn't yew just love me, Paw?" The grizzled old man brushes aside a tear and goes out gunning for his archenemy, knowing there is nothing left for him to do but die.

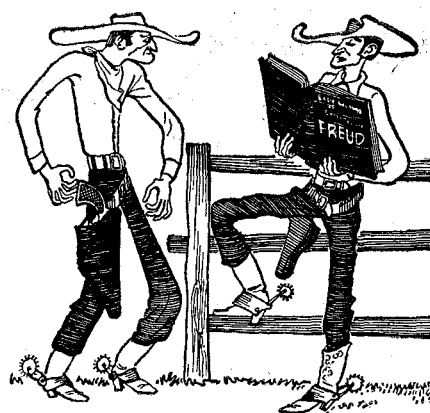
Nevertheless, in these Westerns people are still getting shot at, maidens are still held captive, and the West is not yet safe for women and children. Clearly, the boys out West have not gone as far as they can in replacing action by talk. But about 1965, say, the final walkdown will probably look like this:

*(Long shot as Blackie rides slowly down the center of the main street of Sike's Bend. Pedestrians, on seeing him, scatter; mothers pull their small boys into stores. He ties up his horse and pushes through the swinging doors of the Paradise Café.)*

*Inside the Paradise Café, we see Blackie sauntering along the bar, past the large ink blot which replaces the traditional nude. At the opposite end of the room, we see Wyatt lying on a couch talking softly, Doc Halliday at the head of it, notebook open, taking notes as Wyatt talks.)*

**BLACKIE:** Ah don't care if yore hour ain't up yit, Wyatt. Ah been waitin' too long for this.

*(Blackie turns on his heel and stalks out. Wyatt gets up, takes a book held out to him by Halliday, and slowly walks through the doors. Halliday remains be-*



*hind putting the finishing touches on his notes.*

*In the street, Wyatt and Blackie face each other at opposite ends of the wide, wide screen. Blackie's gun hangs menacingly at his side. Wyatt is armed only with Volume VI of the standard edition of Freud.)*

**WYATT (casually):** Wal, Blackie, how's yore maw?

**BLACKIE (suspiciously):** Maw's all right. Whut's she got to do with it? Draw!

**WYATT (still casual):** And all them other siblings?

**BLACKIE (indignantly):** They don't count where me and Maw's concerned. Come on, Wyatt, draw!

**WYATT:** Don't they? Tell me, Blackie, was yore maw pleased when you missed the stagecoach with the silver shipment?

**BLACKIE (whining now):** Whut're yew tryin' to do, Wyatt? Why won't yew draw like we always used to?

**WYATT:** Your failure to get the silver shipment caused her to treat yew like a child again and reopen the whole Oedipus conflict. The situation was aggravated because it was yore older brother, whom yore maw admires and respects and who has always been a repressive father-substitute to yew — it was him as pointed out yore failure. Then yore maw told yew that yew was never the man yore paw was.

**BLACKIE (raging):** Why, yew . . . (He draws his gun and leaps behind a mother-shaped barrel. His attempt to shift the discussion to the level of action shows he has lost already.)

**WYATT (calmly, contemptuously):** Put down that there narcissistically overvalued symbol. (Blackie wavers; Wyatt drives the final nail.) Yew won't get over yore castration fears thataway.

*(Blackie's face blanches. The gun slips from his nerveless fingers. Townspeople rush up, pin his arms, and lead him, crushed and shivering, off to jail. From the Paradise Café runs Libby Doe;*



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Doc Halliday follows, taking notes on what has been happening. Libby throws her arms around Wyatt.)

LIBBY DOE (looking up at him): Wyatt, honey, yew were wonderful. But how did yew know?

WYATT: It was easy. When ah told Blackie it was a silver shipment, ah knew he couldn't take it. Y'see, silver is a mother symbol for Blackie, and that meant the stagecoach was surrounded with all the taboos of the Oedipus situation. When his maw and his brother (who is a repressive father-substitute) lit into him, ah knew that either he would crack or else he would suffer a hypercathexis of the superego and come a-gunnin' fer me. Once he come into town, all ah had to do was show him the gun was a phallic symbol and he was through.

LIBBY DOE: Oh, Wyatt, ah was so scairt . . . (Climb. Come in big close-up to Doc Halliday beaming in the background as he finishes his notes. He shuts his notebook, looks out at the audience, and slowly winks. Fade-out.)

THE END

Freud was smart. He confined his moviegoing to Charlie Chaplin silents.

## EATING FISH

BY GEORGE JOHNSTON

Here is how I eat a fish —  
Boiled, baked, or fried —  
Separate him in the dish,  
Put his bones aside.

Lemon juice and chive enough  
Just to give him grace,  
Make of his peculiar stuff  
My peculiar race.

Through the Travelers' Hotel  
From the sizzling pan  
Comes the ancient fishy smell  
Permeating man.

May he be a cannier chap  
Altered into me,  
Eye the squirming hook, and trap,  
Choose the squirming sea.

# THINK ABOUT DEATH and START TO LIVE!



It is human nature to put off thoughts of death as long as we can.

This is especially true when our years are young, our health is good, and we're having a wonderful time.

But even in *this life*, the true values and real joys of living come into clear focus only when we face up to the facts of death and ask ourselves: "What does it mean?"

Once we do this, the terrifying specter of death becomes less fearsome. We see it as a teacher, cautioning us to shape our lives in a manner pleasing to God. We see it not as a Grim Reaper, robbing us of our worldly pleasures, but as the golden gateway to God's greatest of all gifts—eternal life.

There are some people, of course, who believe that after this life there is no more. The pure and the sinful, they contend, all meet the same gloomy end of eternal nothingness; there is no judgment, no punishment, no reward. But if our reason did not tell us this is wrong, we have the clearer assurance of God Himself that man shall live on earth, shall eventually meet death, that he shall be judged and, upon that judgment, shall live eternally either in joy—or misery.

This has been the teaching of the age-old Catholic Church since the time of the Apostles. It is a doctrine that compels a Catholic to think of his life in terms of his death. It sounds like a gloomy doctrine to those who dislike

to face up to the facts of death and the certainty of divine judgment, but Catholics are inspired rather than depressed by it.

However gloomy the prospect of death may be, Catholics are constantly reminded by the Church of the importance of facing

up to it instead of trying to ignore it. In the month of November each year, the thoughts of the faithful are especially directed to the special considerations of that occasion when every human being must take off on that final "flight" to God's vast unknown.

If you would like to know how to think about death, what happens after death, how to think about heaven, how the Church helps its people at death, what's the right attitude toward death as Catholics see it, write today for our free pamphlet. It will be sent in a plain wrapper . . . nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-53.

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# THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

## SOUND THE TRUMPET

BY JOHN M. CONLY

**B**RITONS," wrote Dr. Thomas Arne and Mr. James Thomson in 1740, "never, never, *never* will be slaves!"

This forthright dictum, reinforced with trumpets and drums, carried lively conviction to its first hearers, who were guests of Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales, at a garden-party masque in Maidenhead. It has kept



its cogency. It also has proved to be, through the years and into the foreseeable future, a fairly reliable political prophecy, as perhaps Messrs. Bonaparte and Schicklgruber could best attest, if they were around to do so.

The paradoxical thing is that Dr. Arne, so far as concerned his own art, was wrong. For five or six generations after his, Britons were to be, if not quite slaves, at least subservient to foreigners in music.

This applied partly to performance but mainly to creation. Symphonies were made in Austria or Germany, operas in Austria or Italy, ballets in France or Russia, and nothing — by common consent — in Britain. At least, this was the accepted belief, and it spread. It spread into British dominions and the United States, and it spread into a generalization: not only nineteenth-century British

music was deemed inconsequential, but all British music.

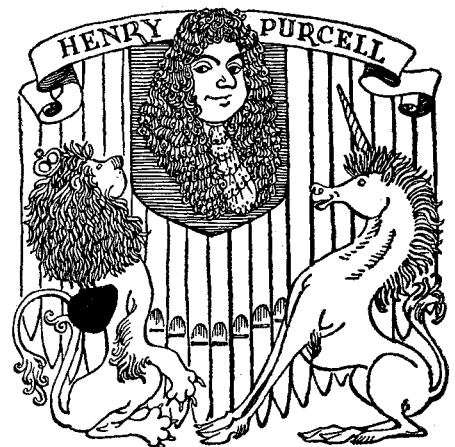
Such beliefs, however false, die hard, because they can feed on themselves. Britain and America, in all humility, imported German and Italian musicians. And they, quite naturally, proceeded to dispense German and Italian music and musical opinion. Other Continental flavors entered in too, of course. But there was no slightest sniff of anything British.

This may be a good year to start setting things aright, since it stands as a sort of dual century marker. In 1759 George Frederick Handel died. A hundred years earlier, Henry Purcell was born. Quibblers may argue that Handel was not born in England at all, and Purcell may not have been born in 1659. We do not really know much about Purcell. There is doubt not only about his birth date but about his parentage, because he may have been adopted by an uncle. Apparently it never occurred to him that his origins might be of historical interest, so he kept no records. Maybe he was too busy. We do know when his voice broke, since he was a chorister in the Chapel Royal, which did keep records. This affords some notion of his age and makes clear that he became an official composer for the Chapel while still in his teens.

It also sets his death in his third decade, and thus assures his inclusion in an inexplicable quartet, a group at once pathetic and glorious, the four young men who in their half-lives wrote for us our greatest treasure of melodic beauty beyond description or analysis. They stand, in order, Mozart, Schubert, Purcell, Mendelssohn. And they comprise a coincidence which can put one to thinking about miracles.

About Handel I will not say there is nothing miraculous, but there is not much mysterious. Without doubt he was born in Halle, Saxony, in 1685 of a barber-surgeon father. Technically, then, he can be called a German. By the same logic Joseph Conrad could be called a Polish novelist. The one appellation is no sillier than the other. The British adoption of George Frederick Handel, born Georg Friedrich Händel, was as complete as it was mutual. When he died, the London headlines spoke of no foreigner. The man gone and mourned was The Great Mr. Handel. His main and final style was British. It owed to British sources, including Purcell, and was to be for two centuries the chief model and criterion of Anglo-Saxon music.

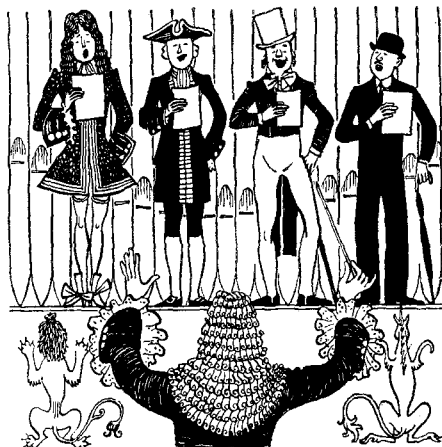
We will come back to the two great men, and some others, but it makes sense to look first at what it



was they embodied, the shape of England's special musical genius, and at what shadowed it in later years.

The origins of music are, like those of languages, debatable. However, the elements in debate are never mutually exclusive; the ques-

tion is always how much of what entered in—song, dance, martial rhythm, nature sounds, instrumental invention, sonic mathematics, and the like. When one element is weak or obstructive, another will dominate. In England, I am sure, it was the tongue that won: the language. Languages differ. German is balky. French is too linear for emphasis (for song it needs spurious syllables). Spanish is sweet but monotonous. Italian is wonderful, but leaves all the initiative to the music. Ancient Greek I think may



have worked much like English, but we shall never know.

What English does is to challenge. It is a language at once stubborn and endlessly flexible, born of a war of tongues: Latin, Gaelic, French, Anglo-Saxon. The last-named won out (mostly) during the reigns of Elizabeth I and James I, in part through the decisions of one of the earliest of all governmental cultural committees. Results showed promptly, for instance, in the King James Bible and the writings of William Shakespeare.

They kept on showing, and helped largely to shape several centuries of civilization; one need only think of Burke and Lincoln. The rhetoric was music in itself, and of great power. Moreover, it lent itself to musical simulation, in style and in content. There grew a sort of alliance between the word and the note.

By this I do not mean that song was dominant. Song had its part, but what really dominated was speech, which has both a wider reach and a straighter function. Obeying its obvious and highest duty, British music became specific and circumstantial.

It did not demean itself in so doing. Sometimes it served merely

to decorate an occasion, the Prince of Wales's garden party or George II's victory at Dettingen. Oftener, though, it took upon itself a joint role with poetry, which is the art in which the British Isles excel. Even when the music was occasional, it had an excellence which ought not to be disregarded. There is no brass band music in the world, even Sousa's, that can compare with the British battle-front product or with its jolly home counterpart, full of folk tunes, joyfully militant even when peaceful.

If there is to be a villain's part in this plot, I am afraid it must be ascribed to a man who would have hated to assume it. He thought very well of the Islanders, set some dozens of their folk songs to his own inimitable accompaniments, and opined more than once that Handel was the greatest composer that ever lived. Further, he evinced a preference for Londoners over the Viennese as a musical public and incorporated both *Rule, Britannia* and *God Save the King* in one of his most popular compositions. This culprit is Ludwig van Beethoven.

What he did, destructive to the British variety of music, was to convince the world that musical communication, both emotional and philosophical, was most forceful when wordless and abstract. Symphony and sonata became the topmost forms. Opera retreated to a prepared redoubt; so did the art song and the church chorale. Incidental music found itself in a position much like that of the Light Cavalry at Balaklava. It was very nearly wiped out. This would have been drastically contrary to Beethoven's desires. As evidence, one need only note his own greatest effort in this field, the incidental music to Goethe's *Egmont*. It is a masterpiece, and Beethoven charged no fee for it. He felt privileged. Such opportunities come but once.

For English composers, they came more often, by reason of the felicity of their mother tongue and the consequent abundance of poets. The crossbreeding of the arts began early and reached full flower about a century before Purcell with the madrigalists of Elizabeth's time. Richard Dyer-Bennet, a singer-student of song, says that never before or since have words and music been more magically wed. This is hard to deny, at least for anyone who

# OPERA WITHOUT WORDS

Generalizations are seldom safe over the long pull, even in music. The diatonic scale, for example, sat around getting fat and thinking of itself as an eternal verity. Then along came all sorts of new scales—12 tone and 5 tone and Movietone—and now the diatonic scale has to go out looking for work.



Another generalization which has seemed obvious beyond challenge is that opera needs singers and words. But now Domenico Savino and the Rome Symphony Orchestra appear with a new idea—opera sung by the orchestra. We offer for your consideration Opera Without Words.

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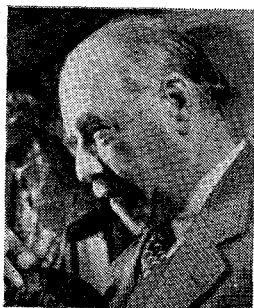
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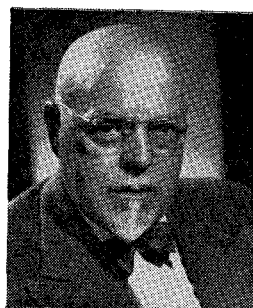
Laurindo Almeida



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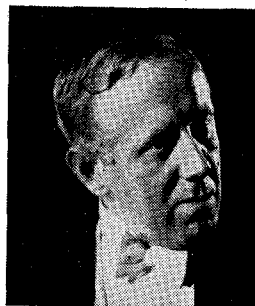
Anthony Collins



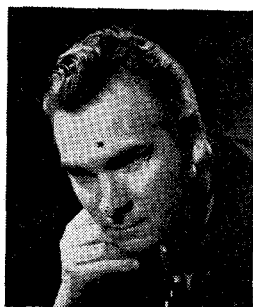
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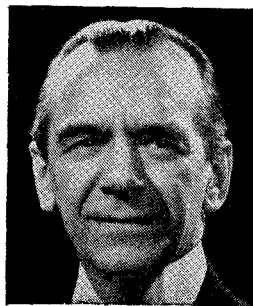
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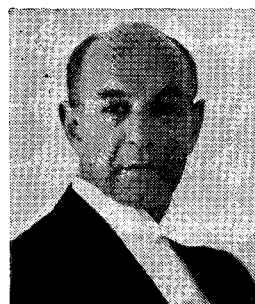
Rudolf Firkusny



Tito Gobbi



Sir Eugene Goossens



Erich Leinsdorf



Moura Lympany



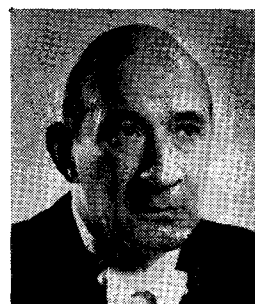
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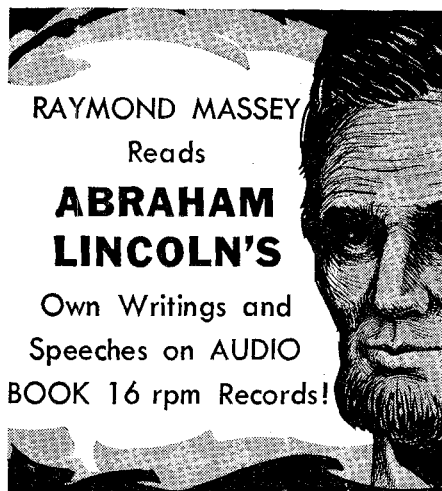


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ever has heard Tomkins' *When David Heard that Absalom Was Slain*, an almost incredible piece of poignancy, or Vautour's *Sweet Suffolk Owl* in its exquisite merriness. The great names, long half-forgotten, are coming back to us now — Byrd, Morley, Dowland, Campion, Gibbons, Weelkes, Wilbye. Whatever dimmed them is hard to say. Perhaps it was the general romantic lightness or frivolity of madrigal subjects, which constituted an offense to nineteenth-century glumness.

There was not much glumness in Purcell's time, the period of the Restoration and the Glorious Revolution. Neither was there in Handel's, when the business of empire had begun but had not yet been taken over by the empire of business. It was a time of pageantry, both in the theater and outside it, and in sympathy with it both Purcell and Handel contributed the next distinguishing feature of British music, which may be called, in the best and most innocent sense of the word, pomp. "Sound the trumpet!" wrote Purcell, saluting his Queen, William's wife, Mary. "Sound an alarm!" wrote Handel, urging forth the Maccabees (for which please read "Englishmen") to their destined victories. They trumpeted monarchs and other Britons up and down the Thames, in and out of town, and any place else they cared to go, including hostile continents across the water. Never before was there such trumpeting.

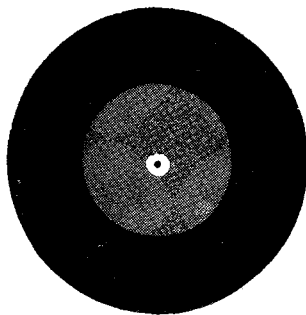
The only trouble is, we don't really hear much of this music. There are madrigal groups around. Some are good and some are not. Parent to them all is The Madrigal Society of London, founded in 1741, which holds annual sing meets, bringing in choirboys for the treble parts. We will not hear them; their sessions are absolutely private and for their own delectation. Professional groups are available on records. Best known are the Deller Consort (Vanguard), with counter-tenor Alfred Deller as director; Pro Musica Antiqua (various labels), conducted by Safford Cape; New York Pro Musica Antiqua (various labels), led by Noah Greenberg; and the Randolph Singers (mostly Westminster), under David Randolph. The Deller Consort even comes to us in stereo, bringing madrigals by Morley and Wilbye. I wish I could be happier about all their efforts.

Most of them seem somewhat sick-lid o'er with the pale cast of scholarship, and they exude what has been described as an atmosphere of dismal dedication. They deserve credit, and what they have given is much better than nothing. But this music should be fun. Nearest to making it so are the English Singers on Angel 35461, though even they leave a good deal to be desired. I keep recalling the performances of the Cambridge University Singers, on HMV 78s.

Purcell is not much better served. There is not even a good *Dido and Aeneas* in the catalogues since the withdrawal of the HMV-Victor with Flagstad (and yet this is a work surpassing, say, *Pagliacci*). There is, though, one brilliant sampling of Purcell on discs, to make us at once happy and hungry. This is the recent Oiseau-Lyre *Fairy Queen*, a three-hour adventure into a semi-Shakespearian wonderland, unflawed by any dull moment and indeed quite unmatched in its special appeal (until someone makes a better *Magic Flute* than now exists). After delight, it arouses anger. Purcell wrote forty-four scores for plays, and some of the plays were great plays. It would be reasonable to wonder what John Dryden and Henry Purcell, in collaboration, were able to put forth under the title *King Arthur*. The finished product lies in manuscript and is in the public domain, where it will be passed over in favor of another (stereophonic) *Nutcracker Suite*. Something is wrong.

Handel has two puissant champions in the two-hundredth year of his absence. Sir Thomas Beecham will essay *Messiah* again, it is said, and I guess we need this. There is no perfect *Messiah*, though Hermann Scherchen came close. E. Power Biggs, that admirable Boston Briton, already has made for records the organ concertos, with all their immense joviality, assisted by another knight, Sir Adrian Boult. For these offerings, let there be thanks. But will anyone proffer the great Chandos Anthems? And what happened to *Semele* and *Sosarme*, gone from the listings? And are we never to know what else graced *Jephtha* besides the supernal "Waft her, Angels"?

Englishmen, in 1959, make some of the best records in the world. It seems a pity they must always go abroad for their materials.



## Record Reviews

### Beethoven: Twelve Scottish and Irish Songs

*Richard Dyer-Bennet, tenor; Natasha Magg, piano; Urico Rossi, violin; Fritz Magg, cello; Dyer-Bennet Records 7*

In the nineteen forties Dyer-Bennet made this same assortment of Scottish and Irish songs (arranged by Beethoven at the instance of a good Gael named George Thomson) for Concert Hall records. The issue sold out. The present version is much better, though not as good as it should be. Beethoven loved Celtic tunes, as the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies attest. The songs, militant to romantic, are fine. The performers did well. Only a slight echoic quality prevents all-out recommendation. By the way, two other Dyer-Bennet records came out along with this. One (DYB 5) is called *Encores* and includes *Green-sleeves*; the other (DYB 6) is directed at young people, it says, and offers *Old Bangum* and *Aunt Rhody* among other treasures.

### Haydn: The Salomon Symphonies, Vol. I

*Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Capitol GCR-7127: three records*

In 1790 Prince Nicholas Esterhazy died, and Haydn found himself at liberty. Not quite by chance, he was approached by a British impresario named J. P. Salomon. Haydn went to England, became the idol of the Isles, and wrote twelve works now known as the London or Salomon Symphonies. They were all towering successes then and always will be; there is not a dull moment in their course. Here we get the first six (Symphonies 93 to 98; the rest are promised), played by the conductor and orchestra best qualified to play them. I cannot

think of a finer way to spend three hours.

### Offenbach: The Tales of Hoffmann

*Leopold Simoneau, Mattiwilda Dobbs, Heniz Rehfuss, other singers; Pierre-Michel Le Conte conducting Concerts de Paris Orchestra and chorus; Epic BSC-101 (stereo) and SC-6028: three records*

This piece of early (1881) fantasy and science fiction has been recorded, so far as I know, only twice before and long ago. It is melodious, funny, grisly, and well worth hearing. The cast here is all Gallic in spirit and vocally just right. The orchestra is a little scratchy now and then; nothing to bother about. The stereophonic version is not much more stereophonic than the standard set, but both have good sound.

### The Queen's Birthday Salute

*Major S. V. Hays conducting band and gunners of the Royal Regiment of Artillery; Vanguard VSD-2011 (stereo) and VRS-9038*

Presumably Vanguard got this scoop at a rehearsal. The Crimean War six-pounders blast off their twenty-one shots, Hyde Park echoes nobly, the caissons clatter past, the band plays *Bonny Dundee* and *The British Grenadier*, and, if your antecedents are in any part British, your hair stands on end. This is especially so when you hear the stereo edition (the cannon echo so nicely). The over-side of the record offers a salad of British band music, good but anticlimactic.

### Stereophonic

*These are stereo disc versions of recordings issued earlier in monophonic editions.*

### Prokofiev: Suite from The Love for Three Oranges; Scythian Suite

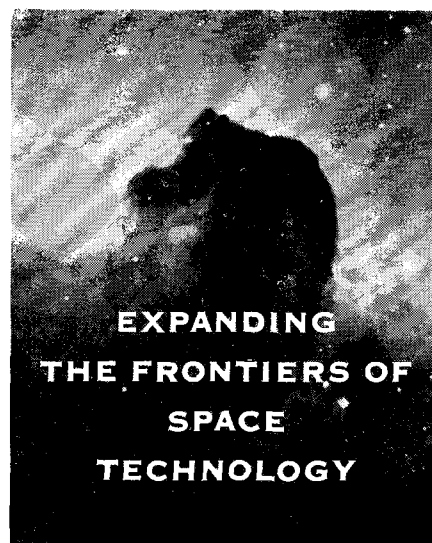
*Antal Dorati conducting London Symphony Orchestra; Mercury SR-90006*

The best Mercury stereo record I have heard, a real spectacular: rich, close-up, thunderous, brilliant, and credible.

### Schubert: Octet, Opus 166

*The Vienna Octet; London CS-6051*

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## Where to Retire or Vacation

at what look like prewar prices

—and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries

### These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

Norman Ford's new book *Off-the-Beaten Path* names the really low cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, the Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada—and a dozen other areas which the crowds have not yet discovered.

Fabulous places like that undiscovered region where winters are as warm and sunny as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less. Or that island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2,000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there). Or those many other low-cost exquisitely beautiful spots all over the United States and Canada which visitors in-a-hurry overlook (so costs are low and stay low).

Every page of *Off-the-Beaten Path* opens a different kind of vacationing or retirement paradise which you can afford—places as glamorous as far-off countries yet every one of them located right near at hand. Like these:

- France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world—completely surrounded by Canadian territory... or a village more Scottish than Scotland... or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U. S., where no one ever heard of nervous tension or the worries of modern day life.

- Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always meet new people... (but they never come by the thousands to raise prices or crowd you out).

- That remarkable town where a fee of 3¢ a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners and a fine arts program. That southern island first discovered by millionaires who had all the world to roam in... and now their hideaways are open to anyone who knows where to find them.

You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U. S. A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about the low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

*Off-the-Beaten Path* is a big book filled with facts that open the way to freedom from tension and a vacation or retirement you can really afford. About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet it costs only \$2.

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